

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY EVENING

At No. 16 Merchants' Exchange,

BY EUSTIS PRESCOTT & CO.

Terms.—Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Four Dollars when sent out of the United States.

All Letters to receive attention must be forwarded post free.

PRINTED BY GARVIN & ROGERS,

No. 76½ Maiden Lane.

THE CONSTELLATION.

LOOSE SHEETS,
Picked up by a Stroller.
NO. VII.

THE PICTURE.

"It is the spot—I know it well!"

How still and lonely—not a breath

Of air to curl the lake;

'Tis silent as the realm of death

By moss and tangled brake.

The moon is lifting o'er the hill,

Yet from their slumbers deep and still

No shrub nor tree awake;

The very winds seem hushed to sleep,

In the far chambers of the deep.

Along the wild wood skirted shore

Night's sombre shadows creep,

Where drooping trees seem dreaming o'er

Their shadows in the deep:

Grey rocks keep watch around the scene,

And clinging vines their rifts between

Climb the moss-mantled steep,

While dimly in the smoky light

The wild flowers struggle into sight.

Sudden a dusky shape flits by

A shriek breaks on the ear—

'Tis yonder heron's piercing cry,

Startled with sudden fear:

And look—how like a fearful sprite,

In the dim shadows of the night,

'Yon prowling wolf stalks by:

The heron well might start and scream,

With such a vision in her dream!

He pauses—and beneath his tread

Crackles the underbrush;

Then o'er the branches dry and dead,

Away I hear him rush;

Faint and more distant is the sound,

'Till silence broods again profound,

O'er midnight's solemn hush,

And then the pulse's stream flows back,

Once more in its accustomed track.

An hour like this—and such a place,

Within the gloomy wood

Where all is in the dark embrace

Of rayless solitude,

With such a fearful scream to rise,

And such a spite before the eyes

Thus suddenly to intrude,

Might well send back, with thrilling start,

The life blood to the fainting heart.

And it is here, before me now,

Touched by the painter's powers;

Bringing the paleness to my brow,

As in departed hours:

The wolf is there as gaunt and grim,

The heron in the distance dim—

The shut and silent flowers:—

The very spirit has been caught,

And into life like magic wrought.

Methinks the moon as sweetly here,

Her silver radiance sheds,

Down from yon blue and lonely sphere,

Upon the mountain heads,

And the old rocks as sternly stand,

And the willows trail along the sand

Their long green pensile threads,

As when in that still midnight past,

I gazed upon its scenery last.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

NUMBER XXVIII.

AUSTRIAN MILITARY TROPHY.—In a glass case in the Arsenal at Vienna, is still shown the grim visage of Kara Mustapha, Grand Vizier, and commander of the Turkish army at the siege in 1683. He had entered the Austrian states as the voluntary leader of more than 300,000 men, commanded by petty sovereign princes, and thirty-one pashas, and his train of

artillery, amounted to three hundred pieces of cannon. His plan was nothing else than to have conquered Vienna, and then subjugated the west of Europe. He was however foiled by John Sobieski, and strangled by order of his master Mahomed IV. After his burial he was disinterred, and his ambitious head sent in pickle, as a trophy to the burghers of Vienna. *Neale's Travels in Germany, &c.*

TURKISH BOOK-KEEPING.—I have often observed with astonishment the conciseness of the commercial records among the Turks.—A few scraps of paper—journal, ledger, and all, will contain the accounts of years.—*Note to the Armenians.*

GENIUS.—A man's genius is always in the beginning of life, as much unknown to himself as to others; and it is only after frequent trials, attended with success, that he dares think himself equal to the undertakings in which those who have succeeded have fixed the admiration of mankind.—*Hume.*

ORIGIN OF BANKING.—Money was wanting to the public coffers, and the Doge, having exhausted every other financial expedient, was obliged to have a forced loan from the most opulent citizens, each being required to contribute according to his ability. On this occasion, the Chamber of Loans, (*La Camera degli Imprestati*) was established. To this chamber the contributors were made creditors, at an annual interest of four per cent, a rate far below the standard of the age.—These creditors in process of time, were incorporated into a company for the management of their joint concerns, and thus formed the basis upon which afterwards was erected the *Bank of Venice*, the most ancient establishment of its kind, and the model of all similar institutions. The method in which the above-named loan was repaid is believed to be the earliest instance on record of the funding system, and the first example in any country of a paramount National debt.—*Sketches of Venetian History.*

INTOXICATING EFFECTS OF WILD HEMP.—The plant called wild hemp (*Cannabis Indica*), in Egypt, named *Assis* or *Hashish*, is manufactured into a substance called *Bangue* or *Bang*, which is much used throughout Egypt, Persia, Arabia, and Hindoostan, as a powerful and peculiar inebriant. For this purpose, a liquor is prepared from its juice, or its dried leaves are made use of. The common people among the Arabs pound the leaves, make a little ball of them and swallow it. In Hindoostan the plant is grown for no other use than for the purpose of intoxication. It produces tranquility of mind and a singular kind of exhilaration, during which the person laughs involuntarily, speaks incoherently, and sings and dances without staggering or giddiness. Like opium, it stimulates courage and excites sensual propensities. During sleep it promotes agreeable dreams.—*Cabinet Cyclopaedia.*

FOOTE THE COMEDIAN.—His earliest notices of me were far from flattering; but though they had none of Goldsmith's tenderness, they had none of Johnson's ferocity; and when he accosted me with his usual salutation of 'Blow your nose,' there was a whimsical manner, and a broad grin upon his features, which always made me laugh. His own nose was generally begrimed with snuff; and if he had never been more facetious than upon the subject of my emmetories (which, by the by, did not want cleansing,) I need not tell the reader, he would not have been distinguished as a wit; he afterwards condescended to pass better jokes upon me. The paradoxical celebrity which he maintained upon the stage was very singular:—his satirical sketches were scarcely dramas, and he could not be called a good legitimate performer. Yet there is no Shakespeare or Roscius upon record who, like Foote, supported a theatre for a series of years by his own acting in his own writings, and, for ten years of the time upon a wooden leg! This prop to his person I once saw standing by his bed-side, ready dressed in a gold-some silk stocking, with a polished shoe and hand-buckle, awaiting the owner's getting up; it had a kind of tragic-comical appearance;—and I leave to inveterate wags the ingenuity of punning upon a Foote in bed and a Leg out of it. The proxy for a limb thus decorated, though ludicrous, is too strong a reminder of amputation to be very laughable. His undressed supporter was the common wooden leg, like a mere stick, which was not a little injurious to a well-kept pleasure-ground. I remember following him, after a shower of rain, upon a nicely rolled terrace, in which he stumped a deep round hole at every other step he took; till it appeared as if the gar-

dener had been there with his dibble, preparing (against all horticultural rule) to plant a long row of cabbages in a gravel walk.—*Colman's Random Rec.*

ORIGIN OF GLOVES.—Gloves have obtained by some a very early origin, from the supposition that they are mentioned in the 109th Psalm, where the Royal Prophet declares he will cast his "shoe over Edom." They go still higher, imagining them to have been used in the time of Judges (Ruth the 4—7,) where it is said, it was the custom for a man to take off his shoe, and to give it to his neighbour as a token of redeeming any thing. We are informed that the word, in these two texts, which is usually translated shoe, is, by the Chaldee paraphrast, in the latter rendered glove. Xenophon, speaking of the manners of the Persians, states, as a proof of their effeminacy, that, not satisfied with covering their heads and their feet, they also guarded their hands against the cold with thick gloves. Homer, speaking of one at work in his garden, represents him, "with gloves on his hands to secure him from the thorns." Varro, an ancient writer, is an evidence in favour of their antiquity among the Romans. He says, that olives, gathered with the naked hand, are preferable to those gathered with gloves. Athenæus speaks of a celebrated glutton who always came to table with his gloves on his hands, that he might be able to handle and eat his meat while hot, and devour more than the rest of the company. Knives and forks at that time were not invented.—*The Economy of the Hands and Feet.*

LORD BACON.—He was truly a great man, and placed in the order of time, between the revival of letters and that of the first progress of the physical sciences, he seems to have made his appearance to put an end at once to that barren admiration, in which the ancients were held, and to cause the study of nature to succeed that of books, and to add to the riches reconquered by the patient scrutators of antiquity, the still more fertile products of an active observation, and an indefatigable experience.—*Apician Morsels.*

GRUB STREET AUTHORS.—During the usurpation, a prodigious number of seditious and libellous pamphlets and papers, tending to exasperate the people, and increase the confusion in which the nation was involved, were from time to time published. The authors of these were, for the most part, men whose indigent circumstances compelled them to live in the most obscure parts of the town—Grub-street, Cripplegate, (as now,) abounded with mean and old houses, which were let out in lodgings, at low rents, to persons of this description, whose occupation was the publishing anonymous treason and slander.—One of the original inhabitants of this street was Fox the Martyrologist, who during his abode there, wrote his *Acts and Monuments*.—It was also rendered famous by having been the dwelling place of Henry Welby, a gentleman, of whom it is related in a printed narrative, that he lived there forty years without being seen of any.—*Anecdotes, Miscel. of Dr. Johnson and others.*

MEAL HOURS IN THE OLDEN TIME.—*Of Dinner.* When four hours be past after breakfast, a man may safely taste his dinner; and the most convenient time for dinner is about eleven of the clock before noon.—Yet Diogenes, the philosopher, when he was asked the question what time was best for a man to dine, he answered, for a rich man when he will, but for a poor man when he may.—But the usual time for dinner in the Universities is eleven, and elsewhere about noon. At Oxford, in my time, they used commonly at dinner boyled beef with potage, bread and cheese, and no more; the quantity of beef was in value an half-a-penny for one man; sometimes, if hunger constrained, they would double their commons. *Of Supper.*—About four hours or six after we have dined, the time is convenient for supper, which in the Universities is about five of the clock in the afternoon, and in poor men's houses, when leisure will serve.—*From "The Haven of Health," by Thomas Cogan, M. A. and Bachelor of Physic.*

DEATH OF MR. BENTHAM.—The following account has come from a most respectable gentleman well acquainted with the deceased:

"Died, yesterday, at his residence in Queen square place, Westminster, Jeremy Bentham, in his 85th year. During the late unhealthy season, he had been subject to repeated attacks of bronchitis; but he had recovered from the first severe attacks with so much vigor, that it was considered by many that he would return to his former state of health, and he again received the visits of distinguished foreigners, and of

public men, with whom he was in the habit of friendly intercourse; and it was believed that he would have been able to continue his labors for several years to come. Several days ago he had taken up the portion of his manuscripts for the third volume of his unpublished *Constitutional Code*, which is reputed by jurists who are acquainted with its progress, to be one of his most valuable productions, as it contains the principle for the formation of a judicial establishment, and a code of procedure. Another attack of his disorder, however, arrested his labors for ever. His death was singularly tranquil. Only a portion of his works have been printed, and of those printed, some which have been spoken of by eminent men as the most valuable, such as the "Essay on Judicial Establishments," have never in reality been published. Repeated proposals have been made to publish a complete edition of his works. A few weeks ago Prince Talleyrand, who, at all times, in common with the leading spirits of the age, has professed his high admiration of the author, made proposals to get a complete edition of all his works, in French, published at Paris. A short time before his death he had projected a new work on language and one on mathematics. Amongst the unpublished works is one on the use of language, with a view to the giving certainty to the expression of the will of the legislature. Some, it not all, of these works will, it is expected, be edited by gentlemen well conversant with the branches of science and art to which the works relate, and will at some future period be made public. Besides those which were translated by the late M. Dumont, others of his works which are little known in England, have great reputation on the continent of Europe and in North and South America. Mr. Bentham was a bencher of Lincoln's Inn, and was the father of the bar. In conformity with the desire of his father, he practised for a short time in equity, and was immediately remarked for the ability he displayed; but the death of his father left him with a moderate fortune and the free choice of his course of life, when he at once abandoned all prospects of professional emoluments and honors, and devoted the whole of his subsequent life to those labours which he believed would produce the greatest happiness to his fellow-creatures. His extreme benevolence and cheerfulness of disposition are highly spoken of by all who had the honor to be admitted to his society, which was much sought after, and also by his domestics and by his neighbors who were acquainted with his habits. The news of the Reform Bill having been carried greatly cheered his last hours. He has, we are informed, bequeathed his body to his medical friend, Dr. Southwood Smith, with a charge that he shall use it in an anatomical school for dissection, in illustration of a course of lectures.—*London Times, June 7th.*

CIRCULATION OF SCOTCH NEWSPAPERS IN 1831.

Papers published twice or thrice a week.

	Average	
	Stamps issued circulation of	in 1831. each number.
<i>Edinburgh.</i>		
Scotsman—2 times a week	199,050	1914
Courant—3 times a week	250,000	1602
Observer—2 times a week	83,500	803
New North Briton—ditto	77,500	745
Mercury—3 times a week	113,500	721
Advertiser—2 times a week	75,000	721
<i>Glasgow.</i>		
Herald—2 times a week	168,000	1615
Free Press—2 times a week	75,750	728
Chronicle, Journal & Times	149,000	573
and Evening Post, &c a week	69,500	448
<i>Country Papers.</i>		
Kelso Mail—2 times a week	36,000	346
Greenock Advertiser—ditto	31,000	300
<i>Weekly Papers.</i>		
Edinburgh Weekly Journal	114,000	2192
Chronicle	71,750	1380
Evening Post	62,550	1303
Aberdeen Journal	116,000	2308
Observer	21,000	404
Ayr Advertiser	57,000	1096
Dumfries Courier	75,500	1452
Journal	23,000	442
Dumfries Advertiser	60,500	1163
Courier	13,000	250
Elgin Courier	11,225	216
Fife Herald	26,500	510
Inverness Courier	32,000	616
Journal	30,425	585
Montrose Review	40,500	773
Perth Advertiser	31,000	596
Courier	20,000	385
Paisley Advertiser	23,000	442
Stirling Journal	25,000	480
Advertiser	18,500	356
Kilmarnock Chronicle	13,250	254

Covent Garden Theatre.—M. Laporte has taken a lease of this Theatre for seven years certain, at a rental, including the ground rent and other charges, exceeding £10,000 per annum.—*Lon. pap.*

NOT ANOTHER'S LOVE.

O talk not of another's love, nor change of scene for me,
For Heav'n hath seal'd our mutual vows, and I seek not to be free;

The mothered sigh, the quivering lip, and the eye that glist'ning shone,

Were not the pledge of falsehood, in a heart to fear unknown;
O talk not of another's love, he lives for me alone.

The summer flower is fair to see, the evening ray is bright,
Yet summer's flower will fade, and evening's ray must set in night;

But the flower that springs in a faithful heart, thro' weal and woe blooms on,

For the sun of love can never set, till life itself be flown;
Then talk not of another's love, he lives for me alone.

O give me but the calm repose of twilight's dewy hour,
And let me sit beside the stream within our trying bower;
And when the lovely star awakes our happiness that slumbers,
Thou' his form may seem in the mirror wave, and his voice in the zephyr's moan,

There a gleam of hope that tells my heart he lives for me alone.

Then, oh! how sweet the waking dream, that warms the breast anew,

When Memory like a vision brings the scenes of youth to view,
While the heart retounds to thousand thoughts that in magic dance glide on,

And when all we prized seems wafted back, more dear because 'twas gone,

O talk not of another's love, he lives for me alone.

W. Alexander.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

SCENES IN JAMAICA.

"I confess that I did not promise myself much pleasure from my cruise ashore; somehow or other I had made up my mind to believe, that in Jamaica, putting aside the magnificence and natural beauty of the country, there was little to interest me. I had pictured to myself the slaves—a miserable, squalid, half-fed, ill-dressed, over-worked race—and their masters, and the white inhabitants generally, as an unwholesome-looking crew of saffron-faced tyrants, who wore straw hats with umbrella brims, wide trousers, and calico jackets, living on pepper pot and land crabs, and drinking sangaree and smoking cigars the whole day; in a word, that all that Bryan Edwards and others had written regarding the civilisation of the West Indies was a fable. But I was agreeably undeceived; for although I did meet with some extraordinary characters, and not a few rum scenes, yet on the whole I gratefully bear witness to the great hospitality of the inhabitants, both in the towns and country. In Kingston the society was exceedingly good, as good, I can freely affirm, as I ever met with in any provincial town anywhere; and there prevailed a warmth of heart, and a kindness both in the males and females of those families to which I had the good fortune to be introduced, that I never experienced out of Jamaica.

At the period I am describing, the island was in the hey-day of its prosperity, and the harbour of Kingston was full of shipping. I had never before seen so superb a mercantile haven; it is completely land-locked, and the whole navy of England might ride in it commodiously.

On the sea face it is almost impregnable for it would be little short of a miracle for an invading squadron to wind its way through the labyrinth of shoals and reefs lying off the mouth of it, amongst which the channels are so narrow and intricate, that at three or four points the sinking of a sand barge would effectually block up all ingress; but, independently of this, the entrance at Port-Royal is defended by very strong works, the guns ranging the whole way across, while, a little farther on, the attacking ships would be exposed to a cross fire from the heavy metal of the Apostles' Battery; and even assuming all these obstacles to be overcome, and the passage into the harbour forced, before they could pass the narrows to be blown out of the anchorage at Kingston, they would be blown out of the water by a raking fire from sixty pieces of large cannon on Fort Augusta, which is so situated that they would have to turn to windward for at least half an hour, in a strait which at the widest, would not allow them to reach beyond musket shot of the walls. Fortunately, as yet Mr. Canning had not called his New World into existence, and the whole of the trade of Terra Firma, from Porto Cavello down to Chagres, the greater part of the trade of the islands of Cuba and San Domingo, and even that of Lima and San Blas, and the other ports of the Pacific, carried on across the Isthmus of Darien, centred in Kingston, the usual supplies through Cadiz being stopped by the advance of the French in the Peninsula. The result of this princely traffic, more magnificent than that of Tyre, was a stream of gold and silver flowing into the Bank of England, to the extent of three millions of pounds sterling annually in return for British manufactures; thus supplying the sinews of war to the government at home, and besides the advantage of so large a mart, employing an immense amount of British tonnage, and many thousand seamen; and in numberless ways opening up new outlets to British enterprise and capital. Alas! alas! where is all this now? The echo of the empty stores might answer 'where!'

On arriving at Kingston, my first object was to seek out Mr. **, the admiral's agent, and one of the most extensive merchants in the place, in order to deliver some letters to him, and get his advice as to my future proceedings. Mr. Callaloo undertook to be my pilot, striding along a beam of me, and leaving in his wake two serpentine dottings on the pavement from his voluminous coat-skirts, which had been thoroughly soaked from his recent ducking.

Every thing appeared to be thriving, and as we passed along, the hot, sandy streets were crowded with wags conveying goods from the wharfs to the stores, and from the stores to the Spanish Posadas. The

merchants of the place, active, sharp looking men, were seen grouped under the piazzas in earnest conversation with their Spanish customers, or perched on the top of the bales and boxes just landed, waiting to hook the gingham-coated, Moorish looking Dons, as they came along with cigars in their mouths, and a train of negro servants following them with fire buckets on their heads, filled with *pesos fuertes*. The appearance of the town itself was novel and pleasing; the houses, mostly of two stories, looked as if they had been built of cards, most of them being surrounded with piazzas from ten to fourteen feet wide, gaily painted with green and white, and formed by the roofs projecting beyond the brick walls or shells of the houses. On the ground-floor these piazzas are open, and in the lower part of the town, where the houses are built contiguous to each other, they form a covered way, affording a most grateful shelter from the sun on each side of the streets, which last are unpaved, and more like dry river-courses, than thoroughfares in a Christian town. On the floor above, the balconies are shut in with a sort of moveable blinds, called 'Jealousies,' like large-bladed Venetian blinds fixed in frames, with here and there a glazed sash to admit light in bad weather when the blinds are closed. In the upper part of the town the effect is very beautiful, every house standing detached from its neighbour, in its little garden filled with vines, fruit trees, and stately palms, and cocoa-nut trees, with a court of negro houses and offices behind, and a patriarchal-looking draw well in the centre, generally overshadowed by a magnificent wild tamarind. When I arrived at the great merchant's place of business, I was shown into a lofty cool room, with a range of desks along the walls, where a dozen of clerks were quill-driving. In the centre sat my man, a small, sallow, yet perfectly gentlemanlike personage. 'Dat is massa,' quoth my black usher. I accordingly walked up to him, and presented my letter. He never lifted his head from his paper, which I had half a mind to resent; but at the moment there was a bustle in the piazza, and a group of navy officers, amongst whom was the admiral, came in. My silent friend was now alert enough, and profuse of his bows and smiles. 'Who have we here? Who is that boy, L—?' said the admiral to his secretary. 'Young Cringle, sir, the only one except Mr. Splinter saved from the Torch; he was first on the Admiralty list 'tother day.'

'What, the lad Willoughby spoke so well of?'

'The same, sir, he got his promotion by the last packet.'

'I know, I know. I say, Mr. Cringle you are appointed to the Firebrand, do you know that?'

I did not know it, and began to fear my cruise on shore was all up.

'But I don't look for her from Havana for a month; so leave your address with L—, that you may get the order to join when she does come.'

It appeared that I had seen the worst of the agent, for he gave me a very kind invitation to stay some days with him, and drove me home in his ketch, a sort of sedan chair, with the front and sides knocked out, and mounted on a gig body. Before dinner we were lounging about the piazza, and looking down into the street, when a negro funeral came past, preceded by a squad of drunken black vagabonds, singing and playing on gumbies, African drums, made out of pieces of hollow trees, about six feet long, with skins braced over them, each carried by one man, while another beats it with his open hands. The coffin was borne along on the heads of two negroes—a negro carries every thing on his head, from a bale of goods to a wine glass or tea-cup. It is a practice for the bearers, when they come near the house of any one against whom the deceased was supposed to have had a grudge, to pretend that the coffin will not pass by, and in the present case, when they came opposite to where we stood, they began to wheel round and round, and to stagger under their load, while the choristers shouted at the top of their lungs.

'We beg you shipmate for come along—do, broder, come away,' then another reel. 'What, you no wantee go in a hole, eh? You hab grudge against somebody lif here, eh?—Another devil of a lurch—' 'Massa * * * housekeeper, eh? Ah, it must be!—A tremendous stagger—' 'Oh, Massa * * * dollar for drink; something to hold play (negro wake) in Spring path, (the negro burying-ground;) Bediacko say him wont pass less you give it.' And here they began to spin round more violently than before; but at the instant a drove of bullocks coming along, they got entangled amongst them, and down went body and bearers and all, the coffin bursting in the fall, and the dead corpse, with its white grave clothes and black face, rolling over and over in the sand amongst the feet of the cattle. It was immediately caught up, however, bundled into the coffin again, and away they staggered, drumming and singing as loudly as before.

The party at dinner was a large one; every thing in good style, wines superb, turtle, &c., magnificent, and the company exceedingly companionable. A Mr. Francis Fyall, (a great planting attorney, that is, an agent for a number of proprietors of estates, who preferred living in England, and paying a commission to him for managing in Jamaica, to facing the climate themselves,) to whom I had an introduction, rather posed me, by asking me during dinner, if I would take any thing in the long way with him, which he explained by saying he would be glad to take a glass of small beer with me. This, after a deluge of Madeira, Champagne, and all manner of light wines, was rather trying; but I kept my countenance as well as I could.

One thing I remember struck me as remarkable, just as we were rising to go to the drawing-room, a cloud of winged ants burst in upon us through the open windows, and had it not been for the glass shades, would have extinguished the candles; but when they had once settled on the table, they deliberately wriggled themselves free of their wings, as one would cast off a great coat, and crept away in their simple and more humble capacity of creeping things. Next day I went to wait on my relation, Mrs. S—; I had a confoundedly hot walk through the burning sandy streets, and was nearly blinded by the reflection from them, as I ascended the front stairs. There are no carpets in the houses in Jamaica; but the floors, which are often of mahogany, are beautifully polished, and shine like a well kept dinner table. They are, of course, very slippery, and require wary walking till one gets accustomed to them. The rooms are made exceedingly dark during the heat of the day, according to the prevailing practice in all ardent climates. A black footman, very handsomely dressed, all to his bare legs (I thought at first he had black silk stockings on,) preceded me, and when he reached the drawing-room door, asked my name. I told him, 'Mr. Cringle'—whereupon he sung out to my dismay—'Massa Captain Ringtail to wait pan Misses.'

This put me into a little—especially as I heard some one say—'Captain who—what a very odd name?'

But I had no time for reflection, as I had not blundered three steps out of the glare of the Piazza, into the palpable obscurity of the darkened drawing-room, black as night from the contrast, when I capsize headlong over an ottoman in the middle of the apartment, and floundered right into the middle of a group of young ladies, and one or two lap-dogs, by whom it was conjointly occupied. Trying to recover myself, I slipped on the glass-like floor, and came down stern, fore-most, and being now regularly at the slack end, for I could not well get lower, I sat still scratching my caput in the midst of a gay company of morning visitors, enjoying the gratifying consciousness that I was distinctly visible to them, although my dazzled optics could as yet distinguish nothing. To add to my pleasurable sensations, I now perceived from the coldness of the floor, that in my downfall the catastrophe of my unmentionables had been grievously rent, but I had nothing for it but sitting patiently still amidst the suppressed laughter of the company, until I became accustomed to the twilight, and they, like bright stars, began to dawn on my bewildered senses in all their loveliness; and prodigiously handsome women some of them were, for the Creoles, so far as figure is concerned, are generally perfect, while beautiful features are not wanting, and my travel had reconciled me to the absence of the rose from their cheeks. My eldest cousin Mary (where is there a name like Mary?) now approached, she and I were old friends, and many a junketing we used to have in my father's house during the holidays, when she was a boarding-school girl in England. My hardihood and self-possession returned, under the double gratification of seeing her, and the certainty that my blushes (for my cheeks were glowing like hot iron) could not have been observed in the subdued green light that pervaded the room.

'Well, Tom, since you are no longer dazzled, and see us all now, you had better get up, had'n't you? you see mamma is waiting there to embrace you?'

'Why, I think myself I had better; but when I broached to so suddenly, I split my lower canvass, Mary, and I cannot budge until your mother lends me a petticoat.'

'A what? you are crazy, Tom?'

'Not a whit, not a whit, why I have split my—' 'This is speaking plain, an't it?'

Away tripped the sylph-like girl, and in a twinkling re-appeared with the desired garment, which in a convulsion of laughter she slipped over my head as I sat on the floor; and having fastened it properly round my waist, I rose and paid my respects to my warm-hearted relations. But that petticoat—it could not have been the old woman's, there could have been no such virtue in an old woman's petticoat; no, no, it must either have been a charmed garment, or—Mary's own; for from that hour I was a lost man, and the devoted slave of her large black eyes, and high pale forehead. 'Oh, murder—you speak of the sun-dazzling, what is it to the lustre of that same eye of yours, Mary?'

In the evening I escorted the ladies to a ball, (by the way, a West India ball-room being a perfect lantern, open to the four winds of heaven, is cooler than a ball-room any where else,) and a very gay affair it turned out to be, although I had more trouble in getting admittance than I bargained for, and was witness to as comical a row (considering the very frivolous origin of it, and the quality of the parties engaged in it) as ever took place even in that peppery country, where, I verily believe, the temper of the people, generous though it be in the main, is hotter than the climate, and that, Heaven knows! is sudoriferous enough. I was walking through the entrance saloon with my fair cousin on my arm, stepping out like a hero to the opening crash of a fine military band, towards the entrance of the splendid ball-room filled with elegant company, brilliantly lighted up and ornamented with the most rare and beautiful shrubs and flowers, which no European conservatory could have furnished forth, and arched overhead with palm branches and a profusion of evergreens, while the polished floor, like one

vast mirror, reflected the fine forms of the pale but lovely black-eyed and black-haired West Indian dames, glancing amidst the more sombre dresses of their partners, while the whole group was relieved by being here and there spangled with a rich naval or military uniform. As we approached, a constable put his staff across the doorway.

'Beg pardon, sir, but you are not in full dress.' Now this was the first night whereon I had sported my lieutenant's uniform, and with my gold swab on my shoulder, the sparkling bullion glancing in the corner of my eye at the very moment, my dress-sword by my side, gold buckles in my shoes, and spotless white trousers, I had, in my innocence, considered myself a deuced killing fellow, and felt proportionably mortified at this address.

'No one can be admitted in trousers, sir,' said the man.

'Shiver my timbers!' I could not help the exclamation, the transactions of the morning crowded on my recollection; 'shiver my timbers! is my fate in this strange country to be for ever irrevocably bound up in a pair of breeches?'

My cousin pinched my arm. 'Hush, Tom; go home and get mamma's petticoat.'

The man was peremptory; and as there was no use in getting into a squabble about such a trifle, I handed my partner over to the care of a gentleman of the party, who was fortunately accoutred according to rule, and, stepping to my quarters, I equipped myself in a pair of light nether integuments, and returned to the ball-room. By this time there was the devil to pay, the entrance saloon was crowded with military and naval men, high in oath, and headed by no less a person than a general officer, and a one-armed man, one of the chief civil officers in the place, and who had been a sailor in his youth. I was just in time to see the advance of the combined column to the door of the ball-room, through which they drove the picket of constables like chaff, and then halted. The one-armed functionary, a most powerful and very handsome man, now detached himself from the phalanx, and strode up to the advanced guard of stewards clustered in front of the ladies, who had shrunk together into a corner of the room, like so many frightened hares.

The place being now patent to me, I walked up to comfort my party, and could see all that passed. The champion of the Excluded had taken the precaution to roll up the legs of his trousers, and to tie them tightly at the knee with his garters, which gave him the appearance of a Dutch skipper; and in all the consciousness of being now properly arrayed, he walked up to one of the men in authority—a small port-bellied gentleman, and set himself to intercede for the attacking column, the head of which was still lowering at the door. But the little steward speedily interrupted him.

'Why, Mr. —, rules must be maintained, and let me see,'—here he peered through his glass at the substantial supporters of our friend,—'as I live, you yourself are inadmissible.'

The giant laughed.—'The body, he must have been a tailor!—Charge, my fine fellows, and throw the constables out of the window, and the stewards after them. Every man his bird; and here goes for my Cock Robin.' With that he made a grab at his Lilliputian antagonist, but missed him, as he slid away amongst the women like an eel, while his pursuer, brandishing his wooden arm on high, to which I now perceived, for the first time, that there was a large steel hook appended, exclaimed in a broad Scotch accent, 'Ah, if I had but caught the creature, I would have clapt this in his mouth, and played him like a salmon.'

At this signal, in poured the mass of soldiers and sailors; the constables vanished in an instant, the stewards were driven back upon the ladies; and such fainting and screaming, and swearing and threatening, and shying of cards, and fixing of time and place for a cool turn in the morning, it had never been my good fortune to witness before or since. My wig! thought I, a precious country, where a man's life may be periled by the fashion of the covering to his nakedness!

Next day, Mr. Fyall, who, I afterwards learned, was a most estimable man in substantial, although somewhat eccentric in small matters, called and invited me to accompany him on a cruise amongst some of the estates under his management. This was the very thing I desired, and three days afterwards I left my kind friends in Kingston, and set forth on my visit to Mr. Fyall, who lived about seven miles from town.

The morning was fine as usual, although about noon, the clouds, thin and fleecy and transparent at first, but gradually settling down more dense and heavy, began to congregate on the summit of the Liguanea Mountains, which rises about four miles distant, to a height of near 5000 feet, in rear of the town. It thundered too a little now and then in the same direction, but this was an every day occurrence in Jamaica at this season, and as I had only seven miles to go, off I started in a gig of mine host's, with my portmanteau, well secured under a tarpaulin, in defiance of all threatening appearances, crowding sail and urging the noble roan, that had me in tow, close upon thirteen knots. I had not gone above three miles, however, when the sky in a moment changed from the intense glare of a tropical noon-tide to the deepest gloom, as if a bad angel had suddenly overshadowed us, and interposed his dark wings between us and the blessed sun; indeed, so instantaneous was the effect, that it reminded me of the withdraw

ing of the foot-lights in a theatre. The road now wound round the base of a precipitous spur from the Liguanea Mountains, which, far from melting into the level country by gradual and increasing undulations, shot boldly out nearly a mile from the main range, and that so abruptly, that it seemed morticed into the plain, like a rugged promontory running into a frozen lake. On looking up along the ridge of this prong, I saw the lowering mass of black clouds gradually spread out, and detach themselves from the summits of the loftier mountains, to which they had clung the whole morning, and begin to roll slowly down the hill, seeming to touch the tree tops, while along their lower edges hung a fringe of dark vapour, or rather shreds of cloud in rapid motion, that shifted about, and shot out and shortened like streamers. As yet, there was no lightning nor rain, and in expectation of escaping the shower, as the wind was with me, I made more sail, pushing the horse into a gallop, to the great discomposure of the negro who sat behind me. "Massa, you can't escape it, you are galloping into; don't Massa hear de sound of de rain coming along against de wind, and smell de earthy smell of him like one new made grave?"

"The sound of the rain." In another clime, long ago, I had often read at my old mother's knee, "And Elijah said unto Ahab, there is a sound of abundance of rain, prepare thy chariot, and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not; and it came to pass, in the meanwhile, that the heaven was dark with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain."

I looked, and so it was, for in an instant a white sheet of the heaviest rain I had ever seen, (if rain it might be called, for it was more like a water-spout,) fell from the lower edge of the black cloud, with a strong rushing noise; that increased to a loud roar like that of a waterfall. As it came along, it seemed to devour the rocks and trees, for they disappeared behind the watery screen the instant it reached them. We saw it ahead of us for more than a mile coming along the road, preceded by a black line from the moistening of the white dust, right in the wind's eye, and with such an even front, that I verily believe it was descending in buckets full on my horse's head, while as yet not one drop had reached me. At this moment, the adjutant-general of the forces, Colonel P——, of the Coldstream Guards, in his tunic, drawn by two brightly blood hays, with his servant, a light boy, mounted Creole fashion on the leader, was coming up in my wake at a spot where the road sank into a hollow, and was traversed by a water course already running knee deep, although dry as a bone but the minute before.

I was now drenched to the skin, the water pouring out in cascades from both sides of the vehicle, when just as I reached the top of the opposite bank, there was a flash of lightning so vivid, accompanied by an explosion so loud and tremendous, that my horse, trembling from stem to stern, stood dead still; the dusky youth by my side jumped out, and buried his snout in the mud, like a porker in Spain nuzzling for acorns, and I felt more queerish than I would willingly have confessed to. I could have knelt and prayed. The noise of the thunder was a sharp ear-piercing crash, as if the whole vault of heaven had been made of glass, and had been shivered at a blow by the hand of the Almighty.

It was, I am sure, twenty seconds before the usual roar and rumbling from the reverberation of the report from the hills, and among the clouds, was heard.

I drove on, and arrived just in time to dress for dinner, but I did not learn till next day, that the flash which paralysed me, had struck dead the Colonel's servant and leading horse, as he ascended the bank of the ravine, by this time so much swollen, that the body of the lad was washed off the road into the neighbouring gully, where it was found, when the waters subsided, entirely covered with sand. I found the party congregated in the piazza around Mr. Fyall, who was passing his jokes, without much regard to the feelings of his guests, and exhibiting as great a disregard of the common civilities and courtesies of life as can be well imagined. One of the party was a little red-faced gentleman, Peregrine Whiffle, Esquire by name, who, in Jamaica parlance, was designated an extraordinary master in Chancery, the overseer of the pen, or breeding-farm, in the great house as it is called or mansion-house, of which Mr. Fyall resided, and a merry, laughing, intelligent, round, red-faced man, with a sort of Duncan Knockdown nose, through the wide nostrils of which you could see a cable's length into his head; he was either Fyall's head clerk, or a sort of first lieutenant; these personages and myself composed the party. The dinner itself was excellent, although rather of the rough-and-round order; the wines and food intrinsically good; but my appetite was not increased by the exhibition of a deformed, bloated negro child, about ten years old, which Mr. Fyall planted at his elbow, and by way of practical joke, stuffed to repletion with all kinds of food and strong drink, until the little dingy brute was carried out drunk.

(To be continued.)

HISTORY, PRESENT WRONGS, AND CLAIMS OF POLAND.

(Continued.)

The remaining chivalry of Poland now made its way to France. The well-known Polish legion of Domagala, amounting to some 15,000 men, rejoiced to meet the destroyers of their nation on the plains of Lombardy. Napoleon, than whom a better judge of

a soldier's merits never existed, appreciated the Poles; and at Jena and at Friedland they nobly earned the restoration of their diminished country, under the name of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw. Much virtuous indignation has been vented upon Napoleon for not giving more to the Poles; and yet he gave them a Constitution which the other powers had refused; he abolished serfage, and that *veto* which they had supported; and he gave them a country which they had stolen. True, he might have given more; and had he with a bold hand flung away the scabbard,—had he called for the entire restoration of all Poland, when he committed himself to the mighty struggle with Russia,—he might have anticipated the defection of Austria and of Prussia; and would probably have re-secured Poland, and not have been overthrown himself. But had he done this, how would those who reproach his niggard policy to the Poles, have exclaimed against his treaty-breaking propensities! With some persons, France can never do right, nor her opponents wrong. At all events, Napoleon gave to the Poles that which he had conquered with a bold hand from those crowned conspirators, who had filched it with sanctimonious professions of honesty; and who, to say the most, could produce no better title to their usurpations than that by which Napoleon restored them—conquest. But the only restorer of Poland fell, and deservedly. Restoration, and national independence, and civil liberty, were the spells by which he was struck down. By no one were those magic words more profitably employed than by the late Emperor Alexander. So soon as his last great contest with Napoleon became probable, he adroitly played with the hopes of the Poles. In 1811, he encouraged Oginski to read a memoir to him on the subject of the erection of his Polish provinces into a grand Duchy of Lithuania, under their peculiar laws and officers; and on the nobles of Wilna expressing their gratitude to him for this flattering intention, he graciously replied to them in an autograph letter written in Polish. As the contest approached, he became more explicit; and in a public letter to Oginski, he distinctly said, "je vous autorise a faire connaître que ma volonté est de rétablir la Pologne." The Poles were thus artfully kept back, or won over from the standards of Napoleon; and their enthusiasm for their country's restoration excited, when their aid was required. The crusade in favor of restoration and civil liberty, rolled onward to Paris. Napoleon, the spoiler, was banished to Elba; and a congress of the deliverers of Europe, and of their ministers, assembled at Vienna.

It is not our purpose to follow the dark labours of this celebrated Congress. It met in the name of restoration, and separated with the imputation, if not confession, of having made partition the basis of its arrangements. It parcelled out nations, and fractions of nations, with the same indifference that drovers in a fair, or West Indians in a market, separate and select cattle or slaves. The King of Saxony was its selected victim. Lord Castlereagh, in an official note, declared that it was necessary to make an example of him, "a cause de ses tergiversations, et parce qu'il a été le plus dévoué des vassaux de Buonaparte"—two reasons, not easily reconcilable with one another; and neither of them particularly well adapted to the consciences of those whom he addressed. A more acute observer said, that this king was to be punished because his watch had gone a quarter of an hour slower than the more fortunate time-keepers of the Allied Sovereigns. But Lord Castlereagh required that he should be deposed;—that his hereditary dominions of Saxony should be erased from the map of Europe, and ceded to Prussia;—his Polish Grand Duchy erected into a free and distinct kingdom, under a separate dynasty; and the ex-king kept in reserve to rule over some embryo subjects, who might be collected for him on the banks of the Rhine and Moselle. This was a singular proposal to make to a restoring Congress; but there was much that was bold and practical in the plan. The Congress effaced all that was good in it, while they retained and heightened all that was evil.

The Emperor Alexander had long stimulated the hopes of the Poles. We have seen his written pledge for the re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland. He and his allies had also vehemently exclaimed against the plundering propensities of the victorious French; but affairs were now changed; the French were defeated, and the Allies victorious. Accordingly, Savoy, Holland, and the Rhenish provinces, and Lombardy, and the Tyrol and Belgium, and Genoa, and Venice, and Parga, were, in the phraseology of the Congress, to be liberated; but with Poland it was far different. It certainly had been annihilated under the auspices of Russia, and subsequently even to many of those French spoliation which were now to be restored; a portion of it also had re-achieved its independence; and the allies, who, in 1795, had destroyed Poland, found, in 1814, the Grand Duchy of Warsaw in recognized political existence, and in possession of a free Constitution. Still the erection of an independent kingdom of Poland was not to be endured by Russian and Prussian ambition. No: the courts of these two countries were resolved to retain, not only their former and their late acquisitions, but to exact rewards for their disinterested exertions in the deliverance of Europe. And the minister of England now learnt that deliverance meant the aggrandizement of these two northern powers at the expense of their neighbours. He was alarmed and indignant; and attempted a secret league with Austria and France, against these late magnanimous allies, who had just been so welcomed and embraced in England; but who were now ready to go

to war with her, for presuming to require them to restore their spoliation, in the same spirit in which they were resuming the spoliation of Napoleon.

Alexander beckoned to his endless battalions; Prussia stood firmly by his side; while the Grand Duke Constantine, with an admirable effrontery, called upon the Poles to arm in defence of their national rights. Thus, those glorious triumphs over the French Revolution, for the attainment of which millions had been spent, and myriads had bled, were about to end in fresh wars and fresh loans. But the meteor light of Bonaparte, which once more flashed upon the shores of France, saved the policy of England from the exhibition of such a result. Alexander, with a quickness more politic than generous, signified, that the force of his service against the common enemy would depend upon the settlement of the Polish question being made more in accordance with his views. Thus Russia prevailed; and Saxony was not saved, though Poland was added to the list of victims. The one was split in two; the other subjected to a quintuple partition; by which the allegiance, the interests, and the connexions of the unfortunate Poles were endlessly subdivided. This was the answer of Russia to the demand of Lord Castlereagh, for the erection of an independent kingdom; and this the fulfilment of the Emperor's written pledge, in the hour of danger, for the restoration of Poland. But Russia thus rounded her frontier, and planted the advance post of her dependent kingdom upon the flanks of her two neighbors—Austria and Prussia; who, seeing her so well provided, sought, with a greedy scrambling for territories and population in every corner of Europe.

But though Alexander seized upon the lion's share of the spoils of Poland, he could not do so unconditionally. The other powers, though they failed to erect a separate, yet succeeded in interposing a free, though subject kingdom between Russia and themselves; and, accordingly, the first article of the general treaty of Vienna, which was signed by the ministers of all the powers there present, defines the terms on which Russia was to hold Poland. It declares, "that the duchy of Warsaw, with the exception of those provinces which are otherwise disposed of, shall be irrevocably bound to the Russian empire by its Constitution." It allows the Emperor internally to extend this new kingdom; that is, to annex to it the whole, or such parts of his Polish provinces as he might deem fit. It also provides, "that the Polish subjects of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, shall enjoy a representation, and national institutions modified into such form of government as the powers upon whom they depend may judge it expedient to grant." These valuable privileges were further secured and specified by divers acts, declarations, and treaties between the several powers; which were all recognized by the General Congress, and formally incorporated as integral parts of its arrangements; and in December of the same year, the terms of this treaty were perfected by a Constitutional Charter, which was solemnly bestowed on the kingdom of Poland by Alexander.

For a time, the Emperor was pleased with this kingdom of his own construction. So long as its diet gave him small trouble, and Europe remained tranquil, the absolute Czar of fifty millions was pleased to play with his little kingdom as with a toy; and to listen to the constitutional rebukes of its opposition with the same deference that monarchs of old paid to the sallies of their privileged jesters. He also continued to encourage the long deferred hopes of his Polish provinces; and even went so far, in giving an audience to a deputation from them, as to reply to M. Oginski in the following strong terms: "Vous êtes mécontents en Lithuanie, et vous devez l'être aussi long temps que vous ne serez pas amalgamés avec les autres, et que vous ne jouirez pas des bienfaits d'une Constitution." Thus smoothly began the constitutional career of the King; but even in those auspicious days there were many infractions of the treaty. Russian troops occupied the soil of Poland; and the Grand Duke Constantine, whose name is a sufficient antithesis to all good government, was commander-in-chief, and daily arrogated to himself exclusive authority. But these evils were comparatively slight, and Poland began to enjoy peace and tranquility.

This was too soon disturbed; for when the breaking of the royal pledges throughout the continent produced the revolts of the south, and the secret associations of Germany; when there was a suspicion, too, that the passive obedience of Russia was tainted by that glorious Calmuc army of occupation, which had imbibed notions of free agency in France, perfectly incompatible with imperial discipline,—then Alexander changed; and the constitutional restrictions of the kingdom of Poland became as bands of flax to this Northern Sampson. Constantine, too, taunted his liberal brother with what he called the folly of dallying with freedom. Well might Dombrowski exclaim, "What have we to hope? what have we not to fear?" The publication of the debates of the diet was prohibited; and a rigorous censorship of the press was established. The Palatine of Kalisz was deprived of its representatives; the election of popular nuncios forcibly obstructed; and the patriotic nuncio, Vincent Miemiowski, was seized and carried off to a prison, where he lingered till the late revolution released him. Then the diet was dissolved; a reinforcement of Russian troops called in; personal liberty violated; and five whole years allowed to elapse without the re-assembling of a Diet. There was also a daily increasing severity exercised by Constantine. But even yet, certain forms of constitutional government were maintained; and when the revolu-

tions in the south were put down by foreign arms, the rigour of Alexander relaxed; and the pupil of La Harpe once more returned to liberal forms. A diet was assembled, redress was promised, and the hope of amalgamation again held forth to the long disappointed Polish Russians. But a dark mysterious plot pervaded Russia. Alexander was thought too liberal and too European. The old Muscovite faction, which for the last century has divided Russia, again reared its head. Rumours of dissatisfaction were afloat. The distant army of the Caucasus and its general were thought to be disaffected. Foreigners were regarded with an evil eye. The last hour of the victorious Alexander approached; and, at an obscure town in Bessarabia, he fell a victim either to treachery or disease.

Of the coronation of his successor, it has been said that he went to the altar, preceded by the assassins of his father, followed by those of his brother, and accompanied probably by his own. The proclamations of Nicholas to the Poles, on his accession, contained these words—"Je jure devant Dieu que j'observerai l'acte Constitutionnel, et que je mettrai tous mes soins a en maintenir l'observation." This oath was made but to be broken; The Russian government strained every nerve to implicate those Poles who had shown themselves zealous for the liberties of their country in the dark Russian plot which had accompanied Alexander's death, and Constantine's younger brother's blood-stained accession. The most arbitrary and illegal arrests took place,—torture was employed,—a standing military commission, of which half the members were Russians, was appointed. For two long years, the accused were harassed with imprisonment; and when at length they were pronounced innocent by the highest court of law, the Grand Duke Constantine not the less despatched many of them to dungeons in Russia, where some even now remain.

Such was the commencement of Nicholas's reign, and such his sense of the obligation of an oath, and of the stipulations of the treaty of Vienna. With the same contempt for this treaty, he broke through all its provisions in favour of the Polish subjects of Russia. He most iniquitously abrogated all their Polish laws and institutions; and discontinued the use of the Polish language, and even of the Polish dress. Their religion also—the United Greek Church—was persecuted; and those wretched subjects who sought to escape from this persecution of their very name and nation in Russia, by exchanging it for a tyranny of their persons at Warsaw, were dragged back—not to be replaced in their deserted homes of Lithuania or Podolia—but to be exiled to the wastes of Siberia. Meanwhile the Grand Duke Constantine was let loose upon Poland; arbitrary arrests and arbitrary punishments were his constitutional ministers. The police under his immediate direction exercised an inquisitorial power; hired spies and informers were to be found in every station of life and every society. No one was safe. The prisons were filled; more were built—he filled them also. The universities were remodelled; their studies restricted or perverted; and many of the students seized, banished, or drafted into the army. But above all, the ferocious martinet tyranny of Constantine over the military and the military schools, shone forth with a fanaticism of discipline bordering on insanity. The sons of the nobility were separated from their parents to be mewed up in these military schools, where many were detained and treated at the same time both as common soldiers and as children till the ages of twenty, thirty, forty—in short till the Grand Duke thought fit to release them. The encouragement of profligacy and debauchery formed a part of this system. Constantine appears to have had a diabolical pleasure in outraging all the decencies of female delicacy; while, with the true instinct of despotism, he allowed for no distinction of classes or education. All, from the highest to the lowest, were equally, in his sight, slaves. The slow and the degrading punishment were inflicted with tyrannical impartiality. A citizen, and a common vagabond, might be found upon the parade, rolling the same wheelbarrow; the merchant and the Jew pedlar harnessed to the same cart—followed by a medley gang of degraded officers, common thieves, and obnoxious gentlemen. In short, terror, distrust, and tyranny reigned paramount at Warsaw; the days of Drowitz and Suwarow were revived—perhaps modified in expression—but the same in spirit. That Muscovite faction under which Nicholas rules, and which is so well known for its Asiatic love of despotism and sanguinary rigour was resolved to break the neck of Polish independence, and assimilate the loyalty of the Poles to the stolid obedience of the Russians. The European institutions of Poland had thus to bear the brunt of this hostility, backed by the dead weight of a mighty empire. The only person who might effectually have opposed, and whose interest it was to oppose this attack, had he been truly ambitious,—the Grand Duke Constantine,—led away by his own instinctive love of tyranny, lent it all the aid in his power.

But if it was natural that the Russians should enforce despotism on the Poles, it was at least as natural that the Poles should resist it. Hence arose an increase of spies, denunciations, conspiracies, imprisonments, executions—all the full flood of tears that spring from the exercise of sad resistance to oppression, modified by the disposition and character of the agents and nations where they occur. The disposition of Constantine, and the character of the Russian government, afford a sure and melancholy guarantee for the general truth of the severities said to have been inflicted on the Poles. Few or none doubt them: but many have

questioned the wisdom of the late revolt; and, living peaceably under the security of our own admirable institutions have exclaimed, 'Why were the Poles so mad as to rise against the overwhelming power of Russia?' The worm will turn; and we were little surprised, though we heard it with a foreboding sorrow, that one of the most high-spirited and most injured of the nations of Europe had turned upon its oppressor. But let us do the more considerate part of the nation the justice to say, that however deeply they resented their country's wrongs, the hasty insurrection did not originate with them. It sprung up amongst those fiery youths of the military schools, and of the universities, whom Constantine kept mewed up for the brightest years of their lives within barrack prisons. The news of the second French revolution burst upon their indignant minds. It was the index of the state of Europe. Belgium, Hesse, Switzerland, fast followed in the same track; and the patchwork of the Congress, and the shackles of the Holy Alliance were rent in twain. The successive news of these events, in spite of all precautions, penetrated the charged atmosphere of Warsaw. Associations were rapidly formed and extended—plans were proposed, and speedily betrayed by the four thousand spies of Warsaw, whose names were afterwards found enrolled in the office of Rosniecki. Numberless arrests took place; and on a dark evening in November 1830, it was reported that the principal military school was to be surrounded in the morning by Russian troops, and a military commission installed for the trial of offenders. On that very evening, the 29th of November, the cry of 'to arms, to arms, and God bless Poland,' was raised within the walls of this devoted school, and before the morning dawned, Constantine was a fugitive. Many of the schools and of the youth of Warsaw had prepared for this revolt, and one or two regiments were gained over; but on the rest of the inhabitants it burst as unexpectedly as upon the Russians themselves. The oppression of Constantine, however, had been so intense, that the reaction was universal, and he was expelled, if we may use the term, by acclamation.

(To be continued.)

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, JULY 25, 1832.

SERMON

ON GENTLE USAGE.

* "Use all gently."

We have taken our text for the present discourse from the immortal, and therefore sacred, writings of William Shakespeare, wherein are to be found many of the most excellent and pithy rules for the guidance of life. "Use all gently," said Hamlet to the players; and so say we to our readers.

Our text is exceedingly comprehensive. It is not merely enjoined to use this, that, or the other thing gently; but use all gently. He that will observe this rule throughout, will carry it into all the concerns of life; will let it influence his demeanor at home, and regulate his conduct abroad; such an one will require few other texts, to make him a very gentlemanly man, a very respectable citizen, and a very tolerable Christian.

Use all gently, and you will never strike, bite, or otherwise injure your neighbor. You will not lay hand rashly or unjustly upon himself, his child, his horse, his dog, or any thing that belongs to him. You will not speak evil of him behind his back, nor insult him to his face; and therefore as you will cultivate peace and good will towards him, so he will probably return the like to you.

But if you must lay hand upon thy neighbor, do it gently. Break not his bones, if you can well help it; nor unnecessarily put his nose out of joint. Every man's bones are his own; and every man's nose is held sacred by its owner. Use all gently, even should harsh necessity compel thee sometimes to seem more ungentle than thou likest.

But in regard to the every day affairs of life, to use all gently, will save you a great deal of trouble and vexation. If you are to carve a goose; instead of seizing the knife and fork and dashing at it with fury, overturning the gravy, and bespattering your guests; use all gently: go to work with deliberation but smoothly, take the bird in pieces joint by joint; and you will not only not do any mischief, but you will even finish the operation of carving sooner than by the furious mode.

If you shave yourself, be careful to use all gently. The razor is a dangerous weapon in a rash hand; and for want of gentle usage you might cut your throat. Or, if you do not go so deep, you will in all likelihood slice off every mole and pimple that comes in your way; and look as bloody about the gills as a game cock after a hard battle. In using all gently, you will draw your razor with a sideling motion; and not rip up and down like a sailor scraping a mast. Use all gently, and you will shave smooth and easy, and look like a man when you have done.

If you are eating or drinking, use all gently. Eat

slow and you will not get choked. Eat moderately, and you will not have the colic or dyspepsia. Eat simple food, and eat not much of it, and you will enjoy good health. In drinking likewise, use all gently—that is to say: your throat, by not drinking hot liquors which will burn it; your stomach, by not drinking strong liquors that will destroy it; your pocket, by not drinking so expensively as to drain it; and your character, by not drinking so as to become a drunkard.

Use your tongue gently. Let it blab not to your own or your neighbor's hurt. Let it not talk slander, nor blab secrets. Let it not swear nor curse, nor lie, nor utter any evil things. But let it speak kind words; comfort to the mourning; relief to the distressed; pardon to the penitent.

Are you a lover, use gentle words to your mistress, and you will please her, and win her. Gentle words go far with the gentler sex. Soft language, will make its way to the heart, when brilliancy of speech and keenness of wit will fail of the desired effect.

Are you a husband, use your wife gently—in the first place, because she is your wife, and you are bound by the marriage vow to show her gentle usage; in the second place, because you will find it the more prudent policy, inasmuch as by treating her kindly, you will be the most likely to secure to yourself kind treatment; and in the third and last place, because it is the true Christian principle, to render gentle usage to others, whether you receive the same in return or no.

Are you a wife, use your good man gently. It is the way to ensure conjugal harmony and domestic comfort. Kind usage to your husband will make him prefer his own house to the tavern; his own parlor to the billiard room; and a cup of tea to a cup of Cogniac. If he be irritable and passionate, gentle usage will succeed best; and soft and soothing words will calm his spirit, when those of an opposite nature would only tend to increase his rage. Use him gently, if for no other reason, because he is your husband, and has a right to expect gentle usage. Especially, allow him the sole privilege of wearing his own unmentionables.

Are you a master or mistress, use your servants gently. They will like you and serve you the better for it. Even persons in their humble capacity have mostly human feelings, and are apt to be very sensible of kind treatment. If you have no other creature subject to you but a dog or a cat, use it gently; for even Jowler, or Grimaldine, knows the difference between good and bad usage, and in their canine or feline language, will respond accordingly.

Are you a neighbor, use all around you gently. Do not fly from your fellow creatures in sickness, for fear of catching the disease; but visit them, watch over them; soothe and comfort them; administer to their wants, and help to raise them on their feet again. If you should possibly save your cowardly life by running away, what is it worth? Do not insist upon our making the estimation.

Are you a preacher (as we are,) use all gently. It will succeed best in the long run. Pour oil into the wounds of the afflicted, and they will sooner heal than under sharp and corrosive applications. Gentle means are best, even with the stoutest sinners; inasmuch as a man may oftentimes be persuaded to a thing, who scorns to be driven. Like the good parson in Goldsmith's Deserted Village, he is likely to succeed best, who

"Allures to brighter worlds and leads the way."

If one differ from you in religion, use his opinions gently; possibly he may be in the right, and you in the wrong; or possibly, if he be in the wrong, his errors may be harmless. At all events it is neither genteel nor Christianlike to fly in a passion, and call him a dolt, a fool, or a reprobate, merely because he happens to see with his own eyes instead of yours. Use him gently, and if wrong, you will perchance bring him over; use him harshly, and you have little hopes of him.

Are you a writer, use your quill gently. Do not write in a fury, nor put things on paper which you will by and by wish were off again. Especially do not use hard words, such as cannot be easily digested; and in your selection of terms, endeavour to choose such as your readers will be likely to understand, whether you yourself know their meaning or not.

In the matter of pleasures and amusements, use all gently. Do not pursue them with two much fondness, nor allow them to trample on the duties and the business concerns of life. Amusements are proper, and so are pleasures, but then it is only where they are properly—that is to say gently—used. The game of whist, for instance, is not bad; but, and if thou play cards from morning till night, and from night till morning again, thou makest a bad business of it. So in like manner a glass of wine is not bad; but, and if thou crack bottle after bottle, until thy head crack again, and thy pocket present a vacuum,

thou surely makest a bad business of it. Use pleasure gently, and thou will receive gentle usage at her hands.

In short, not to make our discourse tedious, and so to use our readers gently, we will draw to a close—just urging it upon all sorts of persons, of whatever name or profession, of whatever state or condition, to use all gently; that so they may be gently used by all; that they may live gently, and, finally, die gently.

THE FRENCHMAN AND HIS CHECK.—Some time ago, a Frenchman attended the Park Theatre, when the entertainment happened to consist of three pieces. At the close of the first piece he went out, taking with him a box check, with which he entered the pit. At the conclusion of the second piece, he again went out, taking a pit check. With this he proposed again entering the boxes, not being aware, as it seems, that though a box check will procure admission into the pit, yet a pit check is no passport to the boxes. He offered his check at the door, and was refused. Nevertheless, considering, that inasmuch as he had paid a dollar, he had a just right to the boxes notwithstanding the circumstance of the pit check, he, with the true spirit and celerity of a Frenchman, brushed by the janitor, and made good his landing within the lobby.

A warm contest soon arose between the two, whether the Frenchman should be permitted to remain or whether he should be ousted. The door-keeper did not hesitate as to his part, and was proceeding, *ric et armis*, to thrust the other out. But this was not so easy, for while he was preparing to thrust out the Frenchman, others seemed disposed to thrust themselves in; and he was presently obliged to return to the door. Besides the Frenchman was ready to fight for what he conceived to be his just rights; and gesticulating furiously, exclaimed—

"You is one rascal, one sheat! You temp to keep me out, ven I pay von dollare!"

"I know nothing about your dollar," said the door-keeper; "but one thing I know, this is not a box check, and you've no right here."

"No right! mon Dieu! No right, ven I pay de dollare! Dat is de ticket box price. Ven von homme, he pay de price, dep he ave de right, begar!"

"I cant help that—a pit check won't pass here, so you must pass yourself back again."

"Me back pass!" exclaimed the Frenchman, resolutely maintaining his ground,—"me no back pass, me no vill stir de foot. Me ave de right here, and all de rascal d— keep-door in Amerique will not stir me de von inch."

"Yes, but consider—"

"Considare! I vill no considare—'tis no consideration—'tis no right—'tis no justice—'tis no egalite, mon Dieu!"

"None of your French parley-voing here—I don't understand it."

"You no stand under nossin—you no homme—no man—no honestie—no nossin—diable dam!"

"Don't put yourself in a pucker, Mounseer; but walk—walk."

"Valk! valk!" exclaimed the Frenchman, beginning to dance about more furiously than before—"valk in de puckaire—me self in de puckaire! Begar, vot is dat vot you call de puckaire?"

"Dont put yourself in a flusteration—but walk."

"Flusteration! Begar, sair, me vill no flusteration; me vill no valk de door out; me will valk in von box, ven me ave de right."

As the Frenchman had indeed the 'right in equity,' though wanting somewhat in legal formality, and seemed determined to maintain that right at the hazard of a battle, he was finally admitted into the boxes, and so the matter ended.

ROCK WATER.—We have received a pamphlet, published by L. Disbrow and J. L. Sullivan, containing a proposition, addressed to the citizens of New York, for forming Ward Companies to supply the city with pure and wholesome water. This is to be effected by boring. The pamphlet exhibits many valuable and interesting facts; proving that wherever Mr. Disbrow has bored into the solid rock beneath the stratum of earth, he has succeeded in obtaining soft pure water. The perforation, at the corner of Bleeker-street and Broadway, yields 44,000 gallons a day; and may be made to yield much more.

One perforation, it is supposed, will be sufficient for each ward. The following are the terms proposed: "That the mechanic work and personal services shall be paid for as usual. That when the net income is more than seven per cent, the patentees (Disbrow and Sullivan,) shall receive half the surplus revenue over the dividend; the other half going additionally to the stockholders. Thus, if the net revenue be ten per cent, the stockholders get eight and a half, and the patentees one and a half per cent on capital invested. These terms to continue during

the fourteen years of the patent, the stockholders then to leave the whole in perpetuity."

THE CHOLERA PANIC.—In observing the irrational conduct of people in regard to the Cholera, one might be induced to exclaim, in the language of Shakespeare,

"Oh, judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason."

In consequence of the steamboats, from this city, being forbidden to land at Providence or any of the intermediate places between Newport and that city, the Benjamin Franklin, in a late trip, anchored off Somerset, Mass. But the people there had caught the cholera panic, (which is contagious, though the disease is not,) and forbade the passengers to land, until the captain gave bonds that none of them should remain in town, but proceed immediately to Boston. After ten hours detention, they were finally landed in a field of rye. But so great was the terror of the Somersetians, that the women and children were seen flying in all directions, as they would from a bear or a catamount let loose among them! Guards were placed and stationed on the road, to see that none of the stages diverged from the direct rout or stopped on the way; and the captain of the steam boat was informed by the authorities of Somerset, that he must land no more passengers there.

If the wise authorities of cities, towns, and villages, would quarantine the winds, and place a veto on atmospheric influence, they might exercise their power to some purpose. But to vex and torment their fellow creatures without any prospect of benefit to themselves, is ridiculous and irrational in the extreme.

ACTIVE BENEVOLENCE.—We are glad to perceive the noble manner in which many of our remaining citizens have come forward to aid the labouring classes, who are thrown out of employ by those who have *run away*—as well as to help the poor generally, in this time of sickness and distress. For this laudable purpose repeated meetings have been held, and large sums of money subscribed. Females, as well as males, are ready with open hands and willing hearts, to aid in this active benevolence. We notice sundry associations of ladies, who have advertised to give employment to destitute females, who, depending on their needles, have lately been thrown out of employ. Hereby these poor women gain a support, and are also in their turn made subservient to the benefit of other classes of the poor, by preparing articles of clothing for their use.

It is now a time that tries people's souls—we mean, that tries the question, whether they have souls or not. From this trial, it is gratifying to see how many come out triumphant. If we are disappointed in our views of some, we are agreeably confirmed in our estimate of others. These acts of practical benevolence, besides the good they do to their immediate objects, are beneficial in another point of view; they give us a better opinion of mankind, than under ordinary circumstances, we are apt to entertain. In short, they are as so many Oases—so many green and flourishing spots—in the desert of human selfishness and obduracy.

ANTI-EMULATION SYSTEM.—Dr. Johnson declared long ago, that the system of school honours and rewards was a bad one; that though it excited emulation in some, it caused envy and hatred in others, and in the end did far more hurt than good. He was an advocate for the rod, and recommended flogging as the best mode of making the pupil get his lesson, because it brought no bad consequences after it; it caused no corroding feelings, no heart-burnings, in the mind of one pupil against another.

The system of college honours has been abolished in the University of Nashville. Whether the Johnsonian system of the rod has been revived, we are not informed. The following extract of a letter from Dr. Lindsley, President of that institution, is copied from the Proceedings of the American Lyceum, a monthly publication lately commenced in this city. He observes:

"I must just add the result of one experiment in my own particular province, though it has no connexion with Lyceums. I have been here seven and a-half years, and during all that period not a premium, prize, or honorary distinction of any kind whatever has been awarded to a student of this College. I have even hinted to an individual, however meritorious, that I considered him superior to others. I have never, for example, complimented the best speaker, the best Greek or Mathematical scholar, nor taken a single step towards distinguishing one above another at any time or occasion. I leave the public and themselves to judge of their performances as they please. In short, we are entirely free from the old vicious code which attempts every thing by College honours, which excites a few to extraordinary efforts, and

courages the great mass altogether. The experiment has proved satisfactory. I have never seen so large a proportion of the youth of any Seminary equally studious, or equally moral and orderly. No consideration would induce me to return to the ancient *emulation system*, the miseries of which were familiar to me long before I crossed the mountains. Our youth study vastly more, and do their work vastly better, than I have ever had an opportunity of witnessing in an Eastern College. The government is as easy and simple as that of a private family."

MISTHER EDITOR.—It's very much surprised I was at radin your account of Irish servants in the paper called the *Constellation*. Now I'm a bit of an Irish servant myself as it were; at least I fill a bit of a place in that capacity at present—though the lord and St. Patrick, he knows, I was brid and born a gentleman in ould Ireland, every inch of me, and should have been to this day if I had'n't kim till this country to seek me fortune, bad luck to it!

Now in regard ye take the liberty to say a word or two consarnin the Irish blunders, I don't take none of that to myself at all, at all. It's not the like of me, nor none of the remainder of me father's sons, that iver puts the horse afore the cart no how. We know what is what, ivery mother of the son of us, from the biggest to the greatest. And in regard ye spake of the matter of makin a bit of a bull about other poble's property, and not knowin the difference between *mun* and *tun*—Ye see I understand Lathin as well as the best of ye, having larnt the same at the French School of Moncheer Parleyvoo, taicher of forrin languages in the town of Ballywhack, in ould Ireland—I say, Misther Editor, in regard to this matter ye spake of, it's not me onself that knows any thing at all about it. Teddy McCracken's not the boy to burn his own fingers with other poble's goods and chattels, nor any other *mun*s and *tun*s belonging to em, at all, at all. I hope therefore, ye don't mane to include me nor any other honest gentleman in the list of them that makes such unaccountable mistakes.

With this prafis, Misther Editor, I conclude my letter, and beg leave to superscribe myself

Yer very humble
Servant
to command
TEDDY MCCRACKEN.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.—The last resort, which we have witnessed, for keeping up the appearance of doing business at our hotels, in these Cholera times, is, for the few guests that remain to enter their names on the tavern book every time they enter the house, from their ordinary business or pleasures. In this way, unless very much thinned off indeed, a respectable number of arrivals may be recorded every day. To be sure, the list will exhibit somewhat of a tautology, as this:

July 22.—John Jenkins, Esq.	Cobbletown.
Col. Thomas Rugg,	Dusenbury.
Capt. David L. Goforth,	Snagville.
Col. Thomas Rugg,	Dusenbury.
Capt. D. L. Goforth,	Snagville.
John Jenkins, Esq.	Cobbletown.
Capt. D. Longford Goforth,	Snagville.
John Jenkins, Esq.	Cobbletown.
Colonel Th. Rugg,	Dusenbury.

FORCE OF HABIT.—From having been so long accustomed to the "Henglish" dialects, Mrs. Trollope has put into the mouths of her Americans a language more resembling the Cockney or the Yorkshire than any which is spoken on this side of the Atlantic. A similar disposition to copy John Bull, is observable in the engravings; the men being mostly represented as stout, beer-swollen, big-bellied, fellows, such as are commonly seen in England.

DRY WINE.—In answer to the inquiry of a correspondent, what is meant by *dry wine*, the editor of the United States Gazette says it is that which is imported in empty bottles.

Why is a loose woman like the favorite color of the Quakers? Because she is a *drab*.

Why is a third claw of tobacco like a fence-man, or neuter, in politics? Because it is a "*tertium quid*." Vide Cicero.

* * * The Proprietors of the *Constellation*, grateful for the liberal patronage already received by this Journal, and anxious to keep pace with the *improvements of the times*, announce their intention of commencing a new series and new volume on the 15th of September next. Payments for the paper being made according to the length of time it is taken, this will not affect the bills of subscribers. Having the promised aid of several gentlemen of wit and talents, they hope

to render their journal yet more attractive in its matter, as well as its appearance.

The Terms will be as now, Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance; out of the United States \$4 per annum, U.S. postage included. No subscriptions received for less than a half year, nor discontinued except at half yearly periods. Persons who may wish to commence with the new volume will please give early notice at the office, 16 Merchants' Exchange, post paid.

For the purpose of bringing the commencement of all subscriptions to one specific period, we have made out all our bills to 8th September ensuing. They are in the hands, in the city, of our general agent, Mr. Edmund Fowle, and in the country will be presented by an authorised Agent. As the amounts are each very small—although in the aggregate a considerable sum, we shall feel under many obligations to our subscribers if they will pay their dues on presentation of the bills; or if absent from home, leave the amount with some member of their family.

☞ "Please Exchange." A desire to comply with the wishes of our contemporaries has swelled our list of Exchange papers so much, that the expense is greater than we can reasonably be expected to bear. We trust, therefore, that those whom we may be compelled to strike from our list will not feel hurt at such a course, having the honest reason thus set before them. To the numerous applications "Please Exchange," three of which—received this day, are before us, and to all our *Contemporaries* who may hereafter wish to receive "The Constellation," we say—send us *Two dollars in advance*, free of expense, and insert our short circular once in six months, and you shall have the paper for a year, without "Exchange."

A TIGER HUNT.

By Capt. Mundy.

"On clearing the wood, we entered an open space of marshy grass, not three feet high: a large herd of cattle were feeding there, and the herdsman was sitting, singing, under a bush—when, just as the former began to move before us, up sprung the very tiger to whom our visit was intended, and cantered off across a bare plain, dotted with small patches of bush-jungle. He took to the open country in a style which would have become a fox than a tiger, who is expected by his pursuers to fight, and not to run; and, as he was flushed on the flank of the line, only one bullet was fired at him ere he cleared the thick grass. He was unhurt, and we pursued him at full speed. Twice he threw us out by stopping short in small strips of jungle, and then heading back after we had passed; and he had given us a very fast burst of about two miles, when Colonel Arnold, who led the field, at last reached him by a capital shot, his elephant being in full career. As soon as he felt himself wounded, the tiger crept into a close thicket of trees and bushes, and crouched. The two leading sportsmen overran the spot where he lay, and as I came up I saw him through an aperture rising to attempt a charge. My mahout had just before, in the heat of the chase, dropped his ankoo,* which I had refused to allow him to recover; and the elephant, being notoriously savage, and further irritated by the goading he had undergone, became, consequently, unmanageable—he appeared to see the tiger as soon as myself, and I had only time to fire one shot, when he suddenly rushed with the greatest fury into the thicket, and falling upon his knees, nailed the tiger with his tusks to the ground. Such was the violence of the shock, that my servant, who sat behind in the kawas,† was thrown out, and one of my guns went overboard. The struggles of my elephant to crush his still resisting foe, who had fixed one paw on his eye, were so energetic, that I was obliged to hold on with all my strength, to keep myself in the howdah. The second barrel, too, of the gun, which I still retained in my hand, went off in the scuffle, the ball passing close to the mahout's ear, whose situation, poor fellow, was anything but enviable. As soon as my elephant was prevailed upon to leave the killing part of the business to the sportsmen, they gave the roughly-used tiger the coup-de-grace. It was a very fine female, with the most beautiful skin I ever saw.

"My brute got a severe scratch over the eye, and his ears were a good deal clawed. It grieves me to convict so sage an animal as the elephant of that purely human vice, inconsistency; yet the case is flagrant; for—if the reader recollect—the last time I was out, he ran away at the charge of the tiger—an act which might, however, be attributed to the influence of bad example shown him by his brethren. The mahout escaped, most fortunately without injury. This practice of charging is, in an elephant, almost as bad a fault as the other extreme; particularly as these animals usually follow up the kneeling position by rolling over upon their side, in order to crush their foe by their weight; in which case, the sportsman is exposed to the triple casualties of a bad fall, being shot by his own guns, and getting within the clutches of the tiger. The courage of a well-trained elephant is passive; and I have heard an experienced sportsman say, that this kind of furious attack, and the more common precipitate flight, proceed from the same source—fear."

* Iron goad to drive the Elephant. † Hind seat in the howdah.

A LION HUNT.

The only account of a lion hunt is from hearsay. Captain Mundy never having had the *good fortune* (query!) to fall in with the monarch of the woods. The sagacity of the elephant is here portrayed in so remarkable a manner, that we shall extract it.

"A gentleman of our party had, perhaps, as perilous an adventure with one of these animals, as any one of the former; he having enjoyed the singular distinction of lying for some moments in the very clutches of the royal quadruped. Though I have heard himself recount the incident more than once, and have myself sketched the scene, yet I am not sure that I relate it correctly. The main feature, however, of the anecdote, affording so striking an illustration of the sagacity of the elephant, may be strictly depended upon.

"A lion had charged my hero's elephant, and he, having wounded him, was in the act of leaning forward in order to fire another shot, when the front of the howdah suddenly gave way, and he was precipitated over the head of the elephant into the very jaws of the furious beast. The lion, though severely hurt, immediately seized him, and would doubtless shortly have put a fatal termination to the conflict, had not the elephant, urged by the mahout, stepped forward, though greatly alarmed, and grasping in her trunk the top of a young tree, bent it down across the loins of the lion, and thus forced the tortured animal to quit his hold. My friend's life was thus preserved, but his arm was broken in two places, and he was severely clawed on the breast and shoulders. The lion was afterwards slain by the other sportsmen who came up."

THE GREAT MOGUL.

The visit to the Great Mogul, or rather to the little which is left of him, creates a sympathetic feeling with the author.

"When we saluted a farewell to the venerable descendant of Timur, who cast upon our retiring forms the listless melancholy gaze of dotage, I felt my heart swell with involuntary respect and pity for the fallen state of the poor old imperial pensioner, who, to counterbalance the loss of the wealth and power of his ancestors, possesses one sole advantage, namely, a tolerable chance of dying a natural death.

"Almost the earliest recollections of my infant days were associated with the riches, splendour, heroism, and barbarity of the Great Mogul. —'Timur the Tartar' was the first play I ever saw, and my remembrance of every scene and incident is as vivid, as though the years had been abridged to minutes. How little did I then foresee, as I sat in the box at Sadler's Wells, so entirely absorbed in the interest of the piece as to call down the anger of the audience by my screams of delight: how little did I then foresee, that I should one day stand in the presence of my hero's descendant, and on the very spot where the dreaded Timur held his warrior court!"

THE BEGUM SUMROO.

FEMALE AMBITION.

There is a very interesting narrative of her life, part of which we quote; she is now an old woman of eighty years.

"The above mentioned officer has often, during his service with the Mahrattas, seen her, then a beautiful young woman, leading on her troops to the attack in person, and displaying, in the midst of carnage, the greatest intrepidity and presence of mind. The Begum has been twice married, and both her husbands were Europeans. Her appellation of 'Sumroo' is a corruption of the French word *Sombre*, the nom de guerre of her first lord, Renuad, who bought her when a young and handsome dancing-girl; married, and converted her to the Roman Catholic religion. Her second husband—named Le Vassu—was an independent, roving adventurer, a sort of land pirate; became powerful in his own right, if right it can be called, and possessed a considerable army. It is of this man that the following anecdote is related, which is 'wondrous strange—if it be true': it was the closing scene of his life, and the first in which our heroine played any very distinguished part. I have said that her husband had become possessed of wealth, power, and a numerous army; of these his ambitious wife coveted the undivided possession, and she thus accomplished her purpose.

"A mutinous disposition, on the subject of pay, having manifested itself among Le Vassu's body-guard, the Begum, then about twenty-five, exaggerated the danger to her husband, and got intelligence conveyed to him that the rebels had formed a plan to seize and confine him, and to dishonour his wife. They, consequently, arranged to escape together from the fury of the soldiery; and at night started secretly from their palace in palankeens, with only a few devoted guards and attendants. The whole of the following scene was projected by the ambitious and bloody-minded lady. Towards morning the attendants, in great alarm, announced that they were pursued; and our heroine, in well-feigned despair, vowed that, if their escort was overcome and the palankeens stopped, she would stab herself to the heart. The devoted husband, as she expected, swore he would not survive her. Soon after, the pretended rebels came up, and, after a short skirmish, drove back the attendants, and forced the bearers to put down the palankeens. At this instant, Le Vassu heard a scream, and his wife's female slave rushed up to him, bearing a shawl drenched in blood, and exclaiming that her mistress had stabbed herself to death. The husband, true to his vow, instantly seized a pistol, and blew out his own brains. No sooner did the wily lady hear the welcome report, than she started

from her palankeen, and, for the first time exposing herself to the gaze of men, claimed homage from the soldiery. This her beauty, and promises of speedy payment of arrears, soon obtained for her; and she assumed, in due form, the reins of government.

"Well knowing, however, that so inconsiderable a state as hers could not exist long in those troublesome times without some formidable ally, she prudently threw herself under the protection of the Company, who confirmed her in the possession, with the condition that it should revert to the English government after her death."

COUNTENANCE AND PROTECTION.—When the regiment was in Ireland, they were quartered near the estate of the late Lord —, who was the ugliest man of his day, but withal very proud, conceited, and fond of patronising. He called on Major Mac —, a gentleman of high Irish family, who had the command, and introduced himself by saying, "Mr. Mac —, I am the Earl of —, I am the first man and the richest man in this part of the country, and am willing to offer you my countenance and protection." Instead of the humble gratitude he expected, he got the following answer:—"My Lord, Major Mac — can protect himself; and as for your countenance, I would not have it for your Earldom."—Age.

RARE ROYALTY.—Seated on the most splendid throne of the East, Mahmoud II. practised the austerity of a hermit. Applying all his revenues to the exigencies of the state, he continued to earn by the pen his own support, which was limited to a supply of the humblest necessities. He not only rejected the vain and culpable privilege of a numerous seraglio, and confined himself to one wife, but he compelled that lady to discharge the most menial functions. Even when her majesty complained that she burned her fingers in the process of cooking, and asked for a maid to aid her in that humble task, he rejected the request.—*Edin. Com. Library, Brit. India.*

INDEPENDENCE.—Lady — said, the other day to a servant who had applied for a place, "Well, I have inquired about your character, and like it much." "Well (answered he), I have inquired about yours and I don't like it at all."—*Town.*

WHAT IS MAN?—According to Dr. Kitchener, the answer to this question is thus given—"Man is the cooking or broth-making animal."

The King's Dinner to the Jockey Club.—His Majesty gave on Wednesday evening his annual grand dinner to the Jockey Club, which was served up in the banquetting room. The company assembled in the ball room to the number of about seventy. The Yeomen Guard formed an avenue in the guard room through which the noblemen and gentlemen passed. On dinner being announced the King, preceded by the Duke of Devonshire, Sir W. Fremantle, and Lord Robert Grosvenor, left the ball room and proceeded through the state rooms to the banquetting room, the band of the First Regiment of Foot Guards playing *God Save the King*. His Majesty was followed by the Dukes of Grafton, Richmond, Rutland, Portland, and Dorset; Count Matszevic, the Margis of Cleveland, Lord Orford, the Hon. Edward Petrie, Lord Lowther, the Earl of Munster, Lord Wharcliffe, &c.

The dinner was served on three tables (one long table and two cross.) In the middle of each were centre pieces interspersed with candelabra, with one of larger dimensions than the rest in the centre of each table. The banquet of gold plate was arranged in a similar manner to the dinner of the Knights of the Bath.

After dinner the hoof of the celebrated racer Eclipse, elegantly mounted in the middle of a gold salver, was produced, and was presented by the King to the Club. The top of the hoof had a covering of gold, on which was engraved the figure of Eclipse. In front of the hoof were the Royal arms raised in gold. The hoof was supported by a pedestal of gold, on one of the sides of which is the following inscription:

"This piece of plate, with the hoof of Eclipse, was presented by his Most Gracious Majesty, William the Fourth, to the Jockey Club, May 1832."

The salver itself was very chastely and elegantly ornamented; the handles are formed by wreaths of laurel.—*Eng. pap.*

Sir Walter Scott has arrived in London, and is now at the house of his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart. We regret to learn that this eminent writer and admirable man has not returned with any renewed vigor of constitution, or any chance of gratifying the world with further displays of his genius. He is, indeed, much worse in health than when he set out, and serious apprehensions are entertained of his recovery. In passing down the Rhine, he suffered by another stroke of paralysis in the boat, and had it not been for the presence of mind of his servant in bleeding him, he could not have survived the attack. He has now, we are informed, lost the use of one side, and is not likely to recover it. He has been attended by physicians ever since his return.—*London, June 15.*

Count Namur d'Elzee, who had been deaf and dumb from the hour of his birth, died recently at Paris, after a short illness. He was noted as one of the most successful instances of the Abbe Salvan's judicious tuition, by dint of which, the endowments of a gifted mind were rendered subsidiary to the acquisition of varied and extensive attainments.

THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

I shall never forget the scene. The evening parade was over, and our officers assembled in groups, were sauntering over the ground, discussing the news of the day, and planning schemes of amusement for the morrow. A short way in front were a body of pioneers, raising redoubts and forming intrenchments; and immediately in rear of our camp ground were our German auxiliaries sitting before their tents,—some with long pipes, deeply engaged in the silent solemnity of smoking; and others raising a choral stave, and, in the wild and beautiful strains of their country, singing themselves home. The wood and watering parties had just returned from their labors, and the general bustle of the camp was beginning to settle down in the low hum, preparatory to repose. Our band of music, however, still lingered on the ground, playing some old national airs, and delighting the lovers of Scottish song by whom it was attended. The last sunset gleam, warm and gorgeous, was sleeping on the hills, in glorious contrast with their sombre shadows, lengthening over the land, like outposts of the night.

"One air more before we go," cried an officer to the band, which was preparing to depart; and immediately it struck up the beautiful strain of *Durandarte and Balerna*, breathing of love in death, in the light of Roncesvalles, from whose field of fame we were then not far distant. The effect of the music was heightened to a thrilling degree by the time, place, and circumstances in which it was performed: the plaintive and flute-like tones, rising like a death-wail, and chording with the deep bass of trumpet and trombone, which pealed forth, deepened and rolled away in dying thunder through the calm.

The performance had just ceased, when we were suddenly roused from the reverie in which it had entranced us, by the tramping of a steed, bearing an aid-de-camp, at full gallop. Suddenly he reined in his charger before the tent of our commanding officer, to whom he delivered certain despatches; and, observing that he had a long ride before him, immediately resumed his journey, and setting spurs to his horse, was soon lost in the gathering gloom of night.

It is with a strange and thrilling sensation—when an enemy is immediately in front—that the order for an advance before day-break is heard in camp, accompanied, as it always is, with the ominous serving out of three days' provisions, and sixty rounds of ball-cartridge to each man; together with the bustle of packing up the heavy baggage—the noise and hubbub in the camp—the deep and hollow rolls of the great guns, dragging up from the rear—and the congregating together of the officers in their tents, preparing for the movement; some speculating upon the results of the coming battle, some smoking cigars and jesting with death; some musing upon absent friends, ruminating on the past or peering into the future; and, perchance, a few—a very few thinking beings, pondering on the final destiny of man, the mystery of death, and the searchless secret beyond the grave. Having made our brief arrangements for approaching events, and feeling the chill of night beginning to be severe, I quitted the tent along with two messmates, Wade and Fitzmaurice, and we seated ourselves by a blazing wood fire, a few yards in front of our canvas habitation. Our conversation, as might be supposed, turned upon the expected events which to-morrow's dawn would usher in, when, observing that Fitzmaurice remained silent and thoughtful, "I'll lay a bet," said Wade, "that our friend here has a love-affair on hand; and that there is some fair lady in England of whom he is thinking; for I'm sure nothing less could make a soldier, and one of the Lights too, look so melancholy upon the evening of a battle, with the stirring prospect of a glorious affair with the enemies of his country so near at hand."

"You have guessed rightly," answered Fitzmaurice, with a faint smile; "the thought of a fair girl is indeed busy at my heart. My passion, though not unknown to her, nor, as I believe, unreturned, was yet, owing to a sense of my dependent situation, and the uncertainty of a soldier's life, never formally declared; and although this seems all the better, under present circumstances, yet, strange to say, I cannot help regretting not having spoken out, and made a confession of my attachment."

"Nonsense," rejoined the other; "if you live to return home you will find her waiting you, and it will then be time enough. I have greater cause than you to be thoughtful, being already betrothed to the woman I love most upon earth, and of whom to-morrow may deprive me for ever. But of the fortune, of which you regret the want, I almost regret the possession,—for a poor man is at least pretty sure of the affection of his mistress; but it was so long before I obtained from mine something like even a reluctant consent, that I have since had some painful misgivings, lest she may have been wrought upon by the remonstrances of her friends, to accept what, in point of fortune, they might consider an advantageous offer, and thus have been induced to give her hand where she could not bestow her heart. I own, however, that this was a mere suspicion, perhaps,

unjust to her, and which I have endeavoured to dismiss from my mind. I have merely mentioned it at present to show that life is never free from annoyances; and that the wealth, of which you regret the want, has not conferred happiness on me. And now, since we have been thus far each other's confidants in these matters,—should we all live to return to England, you two shall be present at my marriage, and give me your opinion of the bride."

To this prospective arrangement we readily agreed; and in order to prepare for the approaching conflict, at an early hour we retired to rest.

To be awakened from a sound sleep, even to the ordinary labour of life, is felt for the moment to be unpleasant,—what then must it be to be startled from the deep repose of the weary soldier, to the work not of life, but of death—from the dreams of happiness and home, to the horrors of the bloody trade,—from refreshing rest into murderous turmoil!

At the beat of the warning drum, we got under arms, and marched in the shadow of night to the advanced posts, where we remained under cover of a stunted wood until daybreak.

At the first gleam of dawn, a signal gun was fired, and we rushed on to the attack. The fight was long and bloody—but, British valor, ardent as enthusiasm, confident as faith, and obstinate as the instinct of the bull-dog, was at length crowned with success; and the day, which had been lowering and tempestuous, was closed with victory and a golden calm. The sound of the trumpet was succeeded by the song of the birds, and the roar of the battle by the vague and mystic lullaby of the coming night. The remnant of our regiment had assembled on the slope of a green hill, to which the stragglers of the Light company were returning, singly, and in pairs; and I came up to the ground just as the last of the survivors seemed to arrive.

He who has been a sojourner for long years in distant lands, knows with what tremors and misgivings the home of his youth is approached; but these are faint compared to the feelings with which the survivor of the battle's bloody day rejoins the remnant of his regiment, which returns at night. With a palpitating heart I heard the calling of the muster-roll, and marked with breathless suspense the pauses that succeeded each familiar name—to which there was no reply. At length, those of my two friends were called, and with lightened heart, I heard the response of their well known voices. Our meeting was one of delight and congratulation; and, as the tents did not come up, we bivouacked beneath an old tree during the night.

The succeeding events of the campaign I pass over, as not being in any way connected with my story. Suffice it therefore to say, that the conclusion of the war took place a few months after this affair; and having passed unscathed through its various vicissitudes, by a more than usual good fortune, we all three met in London, that great rendezvous of military men upon their return from abroad.

We adjourned to the Old Slaughter's Coffee House in St. Martin's Lane, where we passed the evening; in the course of which Wade adverted to his marriage, which, he informed us, was to take place in a few days, and claimed the fulfilment of our promise to be present at the ceremony; at which we renewed our engagement to attend. Accordingly, at the time and place appointed, we arrived together; there were few persons present, and they were but indistinctly seen, in the dim light of a curtained apartment. The bride was led into the room, so that we could not distinguish her features. Her head was bent downwards, and she seemed much affected during the ceremony, but began to regain her composure towards its close. As soon as it was concluded, she lifted her veil, and looking timidly upwards, disclosed a face of exquisite beauty, beaming through tears. At that moment I was suddenly startled by a deep, convulsive sob; and, turning round, beheld Fitzmaurice, pale as ashes, staggering towards the door, through which he instantly glided away. My first impression was, that he felt sick, owing to the warmth and closeness of the room; but, upon observing the simultaneous agitation of the bride, who seemed about to faint, a suspicion flashed across my mind, that in the new married lady he had recognized the object of his own attachment; while her violent emotions seemed to indicate some secret intelligence between them, and to render it probable that the fears which Wade had expressed to us, respecting the state of his wife's heart towards himself, were but too well founded. However this might be, he did not seem to have observed Fitzmaurice's agitation and sudden departure, and probably ascribed the momentary indisposition of the bride to the feeling natural to a young woman on such an occasion. Meanwhile the company having partaken of some refreshments, the new married pair set off upon their jaunt, and the party separated.

Pondering upon the scene I had just witnessed, I returned to my lodgings; but, feeling the time tedious, I passed the evening at the theatre. I retired to rest rather fatigued, but could not sleep, so much

were my thoughts haunted by the events of the day. As Fitzmaurice had promised to call upon me on the following morning, I waited with impatience until the appointed hour; but it came, and passed, and he did not arrive. A second and a third elapsed, and still he came not. I then feared he might be unwell; and feeling certain misgivings respecting him, I forthwith sallied into the street, and proceeded towards his lodging.

Upon arriving there, and inquiring for my friend, I was informed, that, on the afternoon of the preceding day, he had come home in a state of great excitement; and having hastily packed up his baggage, and discharged his bill, had ordered a hackney coach, in which he drove away—no one knew whither. There was something in all this ill-calculated to ease my apprehension, and I forthwith set on foot an inquiry after him, but I could obtain no clue to a discovery; and, after trying to trace out his movements in vain, I gave up the pursuit, hoping that time or chance would throw some light upon his sudden and mysterious disappearance.

After the perils and privations of war, the news of peace had been hailed in the camp as tidings of great joy; and, in common with others, the return to my country, and the comforts of home, were pleasant things to me. But, as soon as the novelty was over, the old instinct of the soldier, the hankering after excitement and the love of change, again began to return; I became "restless and wearisome," and sought relief in the vicissitudes of travel.

After wandering over the continent for about a year, I was recalled, by matters of a domestic nature, which required my presence in England, where, upon landing, I proceeded towards London, and was overtaken by darkness at an inn but one stage from the metropolis, at which I took up my abode for the night. In passing up stairs, I was accosted by a voice familiar to my ear, and looking up, recognized in the speaker my old messmate, Wade. Upon my inquiring after his lady, he informed me that she was then along with him at the inn, where they had just arrived from a jaunt in the country, which he had been giving her, in consequence of ill health and lowness of spirits; and that they were to proceed next day to call on a medical friend of his, who had been very successful in the treatment of nervous complaints, and mental dejection, and who then superintended a private asylum a few miles from town, where many patients laboring under seemingly incurable melancholy, had obtained great benefit, and frequently complete recovery. He said he wished to consult the doctor respecting his wife, whose health had not been improved by the means usually employed; and, as the residence of his friend lay only a little way out of the direct road to London, he took my promise that I would accompany them on their visit on the following day. Upon entering the breakfast parlour next morning, I was introduced to Mrs. Wade, as a friend of her husband, who had been present on the occasion of her marriage. At that word, a hectic flush fevered her cheek for a "burning moment," but speedily passed away leaving her paler than before. After a few common place topics had been discussed, Wade asked me, if I had lately heard from Fitzmaurice, where he was, and what he was about? A deeper tinge than before again overspread the face of Mrs. Wade, and confirmed my suspicion. I answered briefly, that I had not heard of my friend for some time, and was not acquainted with his movements. The subject then dropped, and the conversation turned upon generalities, until we arrived at the doctor's residence, which was within a short walk of the asylum he superintended.

He received us with a quiet kindness rather to be felt than expressed. He was apparently about fifty years of age; of a grave, but gentle demeanor, with an eye which rested upon its object with a fixedness not the less searching for the want of quickness and brilliancy. His voice was soft and low, and there was altogether about him an air of repose, as if the emotions of troubled minds, which he had so long witnessed, had chastened down in him all human passion into quiet endurance and unchanging calm.

After dinner was over Wade made allusion to the state of his wife's health, and the doctor, after putting some questions and giving her some general directions, stole a look at her unobserved, and then rallied her upon the unreasonableness of low spirits in a young married woman; took occasion to advert to the bad consequences of indulging in any secret unavailing grief, which, he observed, had often led to the most deplorable of human maladies, even mental derangement—of which he stated many melancholy cases in the asylum under his care; and having thus excited our curiosity, in accordance with our wishes, he agreed to gratify us with a sight of some of his patients. We approached the asylum through spacious and beautiful grounds, and having passed its gates, were conducted by its superintendent to its secret cells. The first which we entered was tenanted by a raging maniac, who stood before us with fettered hands and visage fierce and fiendlike, screaming curses upon nature, and shrieking out that there was no God:—his eyes glared like balls of fire, and the hell that raged within him scathed a once sanguine and athletic frame into a gaunt spectre—a ghastly and thunderstricken ruin. Though but in the summer of his years, his hair was silver grey and streamed around his brow, in wild and wintry wreaths. His bold and reckless spirit, in the pride of intellectual power, had dared to search the unsearchable—to question—to doubt—to misbelieve, till at length

he sunk into the abyss of atheism, and nature seemed such a fearful and inscrutable mystery to his bewildered mind, that he became horror-struck at his own thoughts, and went raving mad. His fits of blaspheming fury were succeeded by sudden dejection, and trembling terror, and sore dismay, when he would sink down on his knees and weep like a child. We gladly retired from this awful spectacle of a ruined spirit, and proceeded to the next apartment, in which we beheld a victim of the gaming table.

Heir to a handsome fortune and naturally ambitious, he had associated with the magnates of the land, and "vied in vanities" with the wealthiest and worst of its sons. But his means though great were not equal to his demands, and, ashamed to retrench, he took to the gaming table, where with hopes deferred, health impaired, and fortune wasted, his days and nights fevered away in agonizing dreams, till at length he was cast out from the haunts of St. James's a beggar and a maniac. Upon entering the cell we found him seated on the floor, where, in imagination, he pursued a phantom game, and raising his head at our approach, he regarded us with a gaze of horror and crying, with the voice of despair, "Lost, all lost!"—struck his head with his clenched hands; and fell back upon the floor exhausted with agony.

These frightful cases of excited insanity were too much for the nerves of Mrs. Wade, and we were about to quit the asylum, when our conductor proposed that we should see some cases of a less agitating description among the victims of melancholy.

"My patients," observed he, "who labor under mental dejection, are most numerous, and, sad to say, the careless sorrow is chiefly incident to the most amiable and highly gifted of human beings,—for the glowing fancy and the warm and susceptible heart are ever the first to fall under affliction. Too keenly alive to the joys and sorrows of life, they are easily raised to rapture, or sunk into despair." Saying this, he ushered us into a neighboring cell, whose inmate was standing with his back towards us, and his arms folded across his breast; he appeared to be in the deep abstraction of a distant dream, but at length pressing his forehead with his hand as if trying to recollect something, "It cannot be," he exclaimed, "that she is married! her heart was mine, and how could she give her hand to another? But I have been unwell of late, and have had delirious slumbers: methought she was wedded to my friend, and that I—oh! horrible—was invited to witness the marriage!" At these words the speaker suddenly turned round, revealed, in the wan, grief-worn visage before us, the wreck of my lost friend Fitzmaurice! Scarce pausing in his soliloquy, his gaze fixing and dilating upon the face of his first love, "It was—it was a dream!" he continued, "I knew it was!—and here she is herself, come to convince me of her truth! Angel of my life! let me thank thee!" and he sprang towards Mrs. Wade, just as she was swooning away into the arms of her husband. The doctor rushed in between them and Fitzmaurice, and hurrying us out of the cell, secured the door upon the unhappy man, whose cries came after us, as we hastened back from the asylum. Upon reaching the doctor's residence, the carriage being in waiting, Mrs. Wade was helped into it by her husband, who, bidding us a hasty and incoherent adieu, leapt in after her, and instantly drove away.

The sudden meeting with the object of her first affection in such appalling circumstances gave a fatal shock to a frame already wasted by secret care; a rapid decline succeeded, and in a few weeks she was released from all earthly sorrows.

A short time previous to her death, she made a full confession to her husband of her previous attachment to Fitzmaurice, and of the overpowering remonstrances of her friends, begging his forgiveness; and whatever the nature his feelings might have been, he behaved to her with unremitting attention until her death.

After the last duties were paid to her remains he set off for the Continent, to seek, and haply to find, in foreign scenes, excitement to life and alleviation of its sorrows.

J. MALCOM.

MEDICAL NOVELTY.

We subjoin two statements relating to the disease, giving in each case our authority. The first we insert for the attention of the curious, and the investigation of medical gentlemen. The scheme of attempting to operate on the circulation by a direct artificial substitution of those constituents of the blood which seem wanting in the cases pointed out, was early suggested in England, and perhaps elsewhere; but it was regarded by the most judicious as an experiment not offering any reasonable prospect of success. If, however, we may place confidence in the annexed statements, which come to us on the respectable testimony of the Editor of the *Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle*, it has been thought advisable to resort to this plan of treatment, desperate as it appeared. Yet where all known methods had failed, it was certainly right to try another which had a show of argument in its support. All discussion is terminated by experiment; and in this instance, if the experiment be correctly reported, is terminated in a way, to say the least, not less satisfactory than surprising. We shall doubtless soon have ample information to corroborate or disprove the statements here presented.

New treatment of the Cholera.—"The second stage of cholera, or the stage of collapse as it has been called, has, in this country at least, baffled the utmost exer-

tions of our most talented physicians, there being no remedy or method of treatment on which they could depend. It is however, with much pleasure, that we are able to state, that a remedy has lately been tried in Leith and in this city, which will go far to deprive this malady of its horrors, and the principles on which it was founded, will ultimately be the means of much improvement in the treatment of other diseases. The remedy consists in injecting saline fluids into the veins, a practice which any medical man, from reasoning *a priori*, would have declared would be productive of the most fatal consequences. It is founded on the fact, that from the excessive evacuations in cholera, the blood is deprived of one of its essential ingredients, viz. the serous or watery portion, and the only method of supplying this, appears to be by introducing into the system a fluid, resembling in its chemical properties, as nearly as possible, that which has been evacuated. This fluid is formed by dissolving two drachms of the muriate of soda, or common salt, and two scruples of the subcarbonate of soda, in five pounds of water, then adding the whites of three eggs, beating them well together, and afterwards straining the solution. This is to be introduced into the veins at a temperature of 114 deg. The operation is extremely simple, the only instrument requisite is a common stomach pump, with a small silver tube to fit the vein, which is generally chosen from one of the veins of the arm. It is opened as in ordinary venesection; one extremity of the small silver tube is introduced at the orifice, the other is accurately fitted to the tube of the stomach pump, and the fluid is forced in by the successive strokes of the piston. The only precaution necessary is to exclude the air.

Thirteen patients have now been treated at Drummond street Hospital, by injecting fluids in this way, and in all the immediate effects have been truly wonderful. A patient has come in with his eyes and countenance sunk, his voice changed into a mere whisper, his skin deadly cold, more the feel of a corpse than of a living person, his pulse no longer perceptible at the wrist, and a most insatiable desire for cold drinks. In five minutes after this simple operation has been performed, the pulse has not only returned to the wrist, but even become strong and full. The heat of the skin returns, and copious perspiration generally takes place; the voice regains its natural tone and the violent thirst is no longer complained of; if cramps are prevalent they are also relieved. In short, the patient is so far restored, as to be able to talk, and even jest with the attendants.

The quantity of the fluid to be injected, is to be regulated by the peculiar state of each patient. In some cases as much as 40 lbs [!] have been injected within 24 hours, 10 lbs being thrown in at each operation. This mode of treatment applies only to the stage of collapse; and, indeed, that is the only stage where medical men have been foiled. The other two stages being quite as manageable as any other disease. Of the thirteen cases that have been so treated, seven have recovered, or are in process of recovery, every one of which, in all probability would have died. The other six have died; and respecting even these it must be kept in view that they were most hopeless cases; and all of them individuals whose constitutions were completely exhausted by previous disease.

Since the preceding was put in type, we find accounts from Liverpool, in confirmation of the success of the bold measure described. Dr. Latta, of Leith, is said to have first made trial of the practice.

The second of the statements to which we have referred is of a different character, and relates to the more important object of preventing the disease. It is addressed to all classes of the community, and reads thus:

In Paisley, in a single day the Cholera was driven out of the place. The means were simple—the secret was, universal co-operation. Every house was whitewashed, every gutter was cleansed, every spoonful of filth was removed, in every vault, sink, or out house of every description, the disinfecting agents were freely used, and the fire engines completed the process by thoroughly washing every square inch of surface in the town. The destroyer passed by, for it could find no place to light upon.—*Alexandria Gazette*.

We have only in conclusion to enquire of the Gazette—Can the alleged facts be substantiated? What proof is forthcoming to sustain the declaration?

It is proper to mention in this connexion that the averments made in the Montreal papers, of the cure of persons who followed the prescription of Stephen Ayres, have been met by a statement of an opposite kind in reference to trials of it made at Chateaugay Portage. Can the Herald, notwithstanding, confirm its original reports on the subject?—*Atlas*.

RELIEF TO THE POOR.

It cannot be necessary for us to add a syllable by way of enforcing the appropriate and touching appeal made by the Central Committee of relief in behalf of the daily increasing throng of sufferers whom the prevalence of disease and its attendant evils are raising up in this city. We hope, however, we may be instrumental in promoting its noble and sacred purposes by giving it insertion. After briefly recapitulating the present state of things, death in many cases desolating their families, and survivors thrown out of employment and means of subsistence by the interruption of business and the absence of their former employers, the Committee proceed as follows:

"Every moment that we deliberate and delay, the pestilence is going on in its appalling course, and car-

rying its victims beyond the bounds of our charitable assistance. This is the time to act—and to act promptly and efficiently. When, therefore, we say that disease, and the panic which it has occasioned, have put almost an entire stop to all active business, we have said enough to satisfy every thinking mind and feeling heart of the extent of suffering that must be thereby occasioned. The question is then addressed to every one—Will you contribute according to your means, to relieve the poor and the labouring classes that are thrown out of employment in their present distress?

We speak first to you, friends and neighbours, who remain with us, and are exposed to the common danger, and can with your own eyes behold the suffering condition of our city. We know that you will help us, for you have given us the pledge of this in the contributions already made. But we would also extend our voice to you, fellow citizens, whom various causes have placed beyond the reach of immediate danger. You have shared with us the blessings of prosperity and health. Will you forget your friends and fellow citizens, now that they are exposed to danger and distress? Will you repose in comfortable reflections upon your own exemption from these calamities, and abandon us to our misfortunes with cold and selfish indifference? No, fellow citizens, we cannot for a moment believe this of you. We rely with confidence upon your sympathy. You cannot be so ungenerous as to leave those who are kept by necessity or a sense of duty, not merely to take care of the interests of the city, in which you are as deeply concerned as themselves, but also to bear the whole pecuniary burden which is now laid upon this community. You will send to us immediately upon this intimation of our necessities your liberal contributions. The object of our appointment is to raise a fund for the assistance of the labouring poor, many of whom have probably been thrown out of employment in consequence of your absence. We design to procure for them occupation if practicable; but at any rate we must keep them and their families from the horrors of starvation, and we must provide comfortable attendance and remedies for them, if they are taken down with sickness. We cannot close our eyes to the sight of their sufferings, nor our ears to their piteous complaints. Whether or not you aid us in this work of charity, it must be carried forward. But you will aid us; and all we urge upon you, citizens of New York, at home and abroad, is, to give to give your assistance promptly. "Be merciful after thy power. If thou hast much, give plentifully. If thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little; for so gatherest thou thyself a good reward in the day of necessity." "Blessed be the man that provideth for the sick and needy: the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble."—*Eccl.*

FUNERAL OF GENERAL LAMARQUE.

The following is an account of the ceremonies on this occasion—which were followed by a serious popular commotion.

"It is with deepest regret that we have to record the scenes which have disgraced a solemnity to which political feeling ought to have been a stranger, and in which all parties ought to have united with sincerity and mutual forbearance.—Around the tomb of Lamarque, the hero of Obelitz, of Laybach, of Wagram, of Alta-Julia, and of Col Sacro, all Frenchmen might have assembled to mingle their regrets, and those who most opposed the political career of the statesman might have joined in bewailing the warrior, while his political partisans might have found sufficient theme for admiration and regret in his attachments as a soldier, without forcing into relief his comparatively unimportant career as a legislator. But faction willed it otherwise; and the avowed intention of the Ultra-Opinion to make the funeral procession of General Lamarque a triumphal ovation of that party, and to force a contrast between that solemnity and the funeral of M. Casimir Perier, compelled Government to act in a manner calculated to defeat the intention, particularly as information was received on Monday that attempts would probably be made by the more avowed enemies of the existing order of things to turn to profit any feeling hostile to Government which might be manifested by the assemblage. Accordingly orders were given to the troops forming the garrison of Paris to be in readiness to act if required, and the official funeral honors ordered to be rendered to the deceased were only such as were strictly required by his rank as a General, and a Member of the Chamber of Deputies. The Ecole Polytechnique was likely forbidden to come out. On the other hand every means had been taken to secure an imposing attendance both of National Guards and other citizens, and long before the hour appointed for the starting of the procession, the Rue St. Honore, the Place de la Revolution, and the adjacent streets, were filled with a dense crowd.

The front of the Hotel Choiseul, in which the General died, was hung with black cloth, decorated with tri-colored flags, and having the name "Lamarque" embroidered in large white letters. The coffin was deposited on a splendid bier, in a temporary chapel open to the public, who crowded in to sprinkle holy water on it. About half-past eleven the procession moved up the Rue St. Honore and the Rue Royale, where it was joined by the deputations who were waiting it on the Place de Revolution, and thence proceeded along the Boulevards in the following order: National Horse Guards—Battalion of

Foot do.—Band and Battalion of the 1st Regiment of the Line—The Body on a superb car, profusely decorated with wreaths, crowns of flowers, and tri-colored flags, and drawn with ropes by several hundred individuals. A confused crowd of artisans, and others pressing the car, and shouting *Vive la liberte!* The sword and orders of the deceased, borne on cushions by Invalids—The son of the deceased as chief mourner—The war-horse of the deceased, with crape housings—A deputation of the Chamber of Deputies, headed by General Lafayette and Marshal Clausel—Battalion of the twenty-fifth and thirty-eighth Regiments of the Line—The Polish, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Belgian refugees with their respective flags—The first six Legions of the National Guards of Paris (the attendance was very numerous)—The National Guards of the Banlieue, of Versailles, or Corbeil, and of Lanjumeau—The artillery of the National Guard, with a flag inscribed "Au brave Lamarque, l'Artillerie de Paris"—A very small number of the National Horse Guards on foot—Society of the *Union de Juillet*, with banners—Society of the *Amis du Peuple*, amounting in number to several thousand, with flags and banners, and wearing sprigs of immortelles and branches of willows, etc. The Schools of Law, Medicine, Pharmacy, Commerce and —, each with its flag. The corporations of artisans, among which was that of the Printers, with a flag inscribed, "Les imprimeurs au Gen. Lamarque, défenseur de la Liberte de la Presse."

The last six Legions of the National Guards of Paris—three private carriages. The whole procession which on account of the great crowd was compelled (notwithstanding the heavy rain which fell in the early part of the day) to move very slowly, occupied two hours and ten minutes in passing. As the body arrived at the Madeleine, the young Duke de Nemours in his uniform as Colonel of Lancers, met it, and after shaking hands with several members of the Deputations, who were known to him, ordered two Sergens de Ville, who were with the line of cortege, to retire. This little incident was received with loud cheers. At this time the most perfect good humor appeared to prevail, the first thing that occurred to raise the storm, was the place Vendome, whether the body had been taken down the Rue de la Paix, in order that it might make the tour of the column; on passing, the Etat Major, at an upper window, of which were two or three officers, the piquet at the entrance, instead of presenting arms, retired into the guard-house, and closed the doors; some young men called on the officers to order the guard out, but no attention was paid to them, until about a dozen of the National Guards joined them and made the same demand, in a tone sufficiently peremptory to show that they were in earnest, on which the officers retired from the windows, and in a few moments the guards turned out, and paid the usual honors.

This circumstance, added to a report circulated at the same moment, that the smallness of the attendance of the field officers of the garrison of Paris, was in consequence of direct orders from Government, excited loud murmurs. After the return of the procession to the Boulevards, it proceeded quietly forward. Just before the head of the procession reached the Pont d'Austerlitz, a considerable number of young men from the Ecole Polytechnique, who had escaped from their confinement by scaling the walls of the school, joined the cortege, and were received with loud shouts. Opposite the Pont d'Austerlitz, a scaffold hung with black, and decorated with numerous flags, had been prepared to receive the body while the speeches were being pronounced, but in consequence of the immense crowd it was found impossible to accomplish the removal of the body, and it remained on the car while Marshal Clausel, M. Mauguin, M. Galabert, M. Pons, the Portuguese General Saldanha, and a Polish General (we believe General Romarino) delivered discourses, during which the people manifested great agitation, and displayed a feeling wholly at variance with the solemn nature of the ceremony at which they were assisting.

This was particularly the case during the speech of M. Mauguin, which was very animated, and consisted of warm eulogiums on the political sentiments of General Lamarque, and consequently censure of the proceedings of Government. General Lafayette then addressed the people, and implored them not to sully the solemnity of the day by acts of disorder or illegality. He was received with the most enthusiastic acclamations, and on descending from the platform was conducted in triumph to his coach, the horses of which were taken out and he was dragged home by the populace. On the conclusion of the speeches, which was about half past five, the body was removed into the hearse in waiting to convey it to Eyres, (Landes,) and the car returned along the quays. While the speeches were being made, the regiments of the line, drawn up on the borders of the river, fired the usual number of salutes, and then marched off, the bands playing the *Marseillaise* at the request of the people, who replied by loud shouts of *Vive la Ligne!*

A ROYAL INTERVIEW.

King Leopold entered France on the 28th inst., by Quievrain, where he was received with royal honours and met by the Duke de Choiseul, as the representative of the King of the French. At Valenciennes he was met by Marshal Gerard, who, at the head of several regiments of the army of the north, congratulated his

Belgian majesty on his arrival on the French territory. King Leopold travels in state, attended by a number of general officers and by one of the members of his cabinet.

It was on the forenoon of Tuesday last, the 29th inst., that the King and Queen of the French, accompanied by Madame Adelaide and the Duke de Nemours, and attended by a numerous suite, took their departure from St. Cloud for Compeigne, where they arrived yesterday morning at eleven o'clock. General Sebastiani, the minister for Foreign Affairs, had preceded them by a couple of hours, and was in readiness with the local authorities to receive the royal party on their arrival. Soon afterwards the King walked over the interior of the palace and carefully inspected the apartments prepared for the reception of his visitor. King Leopold was not expected till evening, but at four o'clock four squadrons of the 4th and 10th regiments of cuirassiers were ordered out and stationed on the Pont Neuf and along the faubourg by which the Belgian cortege was to pass. Two additional squadrons had previously been stationed at some distance from the town on the mountain of Monchy, which lies on the great road from Valenciennes. At half past four the Duke de Nemours, in the uniform of a colonel of Lancers, set out on horseback, attended by his personal staff, to meet his future relative. At five, King Leopold's advanced guard appeared at the top of the hill, and soon afterwards the royal carriage arrived, in which his majesty and the Duke de Choiseul were seated. The Duke de Nemours dismounted, and King Leopold having got out of his carriage, they cordially shook hands and afterwards embraced each other. At his majesty's invitation the Duke de Nemours then placed himself by his side in the caliche, the Duke de Choiseul again occupying the front seat as before. King Leopold was dressed in a plain unbraided blue frock coat, with gold epaulettes. Before reaching the palace the Mayor of Compeigne inflicted an address on his majesty, which he answered in a few civil and well chosen words. At the foot of the great staircase he was received by King Louis Philip, attended by Baron Athalin, and a numerous and splendid staff. At the top of the staircase he was in like manner received by the Queen and Madame Adelaide, accompanied by their ladies of honour. On their entering the principal drawing-room a series of mutual presentations took place, the French officers and public functionaries to King Leopold, and the Belgians to Louis Philip. In the evening preparations were in progress for a general illumination.—*Cou. & Eng.*

The St. Simonians.—This sect appears (if the following is worthy of credit) not yet wholly to have been dissolved. "About a month ago the St. Simonians shut themselves up in a house belonging to them at Menilmontant, as in an impenetrable retreat, leading a new and singular mode of life. They have no servants, but perform all domestic offices themselves, scrubbing, washing, cleaning shoes, repairing the house, and improving the garden. Their abode is an old mansion which had been unoccupied for several years and had become quite dilapidated, and the garden which is very extensive, was entirely covered with weeds, but they have restored and beautified both. They rise at five in the morning to the sound of the horn, and labor, study and perform all the service of the house till five in the afternoon, when they seat themselves at table to the sound of music and in full dress, in one general costume they have adopted. In the evening they amuse themselves with gymnastic exercises. The door of their retreat, however, is about to be thrown open. During the month of June they will allot two days in a week to receive visits, when they will show their hermitage to their friends."

Illustration of second Boyhood.—A well-known dandy, who is in his seventieth year, well known at the east end of the town, conceives that he is still a youth. He not only dresses as such, with a frill &c., but plays at marbles, flies kites, &c., and may be seen fishing for thornbacks in the Paddington Canal. He sometimes goes into Kent, as he tells his companions, to see his nurse, and as he is of diminutive size, he actually seems persuaded that he is still a boy! A few days ago he sent for a tailor, and said he wished to employ him, as he understood he once worked for his papa, and desired Mr. Snip to measure him for a pair of summer trousers, directing him to make them an inch longer than those he wore—"that he might not out-grow them before they were worn out."—*London Paper*.

Method of procuring a Coroner's Jury.—On Wednesday Mr. Pasley was called to hold an inquest on the body of an infant, found in a field at the Greenhills, near this city, but on going to the place he found it impossible to collect a jury, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood from some unaccountable prejudice, concealing themselves, and otherwise evading to come forward when called upon. In this predicament Mr. Pasley observed the caravan from Dublin to Blessington approaching, heavily laden. To arrest its progress and swear in the male passengers as jurors was but the work of a few minutes; matters so far right, the people residing in the locality poured in by the score to witness the proceedings. The coroner, on seeing this, at once delivered the jury, already sworn, from their obligation, sending them to proceed on their journey, and compelled a sufficient number of the would-be spectators to supply their place as jurors.—*Dublin paper*.

